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Pro-Slavery.

Selections.

WALKER'S EXPEDITION TO NICARAGUA.

From The South.

The journals of the North were just making merry over the idea that the financial pressure had defeated Walker's plan to Nicaragua, when the rumour comes that he has eluded the vigilance of Custom-House officials and is at sea in the service of his party. Infinite is the surprise of our Abolitionist cotemporaries! Unutterable is their rage against the Administration! They accuse the latter of complicity with the Filibusters. They wish to know if Mr. Buchanan—proper old gentleman!—was aware of the fact of Walker's escape, and in terms they denounce him for everything that is false and treacherous.

The country will appreciate the injustice of this censure. If there has been anything at all, it lay in the other extreme. If the Executive is to be reproached with anything, he will be reproached for the excessive zeal which he has displayed in opposition to Gen. Walker's enterprise. He has not assuredly exerted all his power to defeat it. Did he not issue a precautionary order to the United States authorities in the South? Did he not station a naval force in the Gulf for the particular purpose of arresting filibuster expeditions? Nay, more; has he not denounced the enterprise in his Message? Why then should he be blamed for an event "over which"—in the language of the great Micawber—"he had no control?" We do not hold the Administration responsible for all the errors which the Federal Government has fallen into since the Free Soil slave law is repugnant to the moral sentiment of the Northern States, and all we demand of the President is an honest effort to enforce it. So in the South, Walker's enterprise commands the sympathies of the whole heart, and there is no one in authority who has his escape from the country. The Administration did their best to arrest him. They may deserve credit for the experiment, but they are not to be censured for its failure.

It is the disappointment of their prayers for the miscarriage of Gen. Walker's attempt to escape from the consequences of the Abolitionists find some consolation in the thought that he goes upon the enterprise without adequate preparation. They deceive themselves. Walker is acting under the direction of a master mind.

We have reason to believe that this expedition was organized with the utmost care, insomuch that it wants a single element of success. In respect of men, Gen. Walker has had offers of service in such abundance that he was embarrassed rather by an excess than a deficiency of recruits. In respect of money, his resources are amply sufficient for every possible exigency.

The fact is established that Gen. Walker hastens not very without a clear and complete conception of his plan of operations. That was adopted upon the fullest deliberation, and with the aid of the highest military art. Its details are the result of a long and varied experiment, but the public may understand in advance, that if successful its effect will be to overwhelm the enemy by a rapid succession of blows in the very centre of his power. In the opinion of his theory, Gen. Walker will neglect nothing that is necessary to it, he has in advance secured its presence. The nature of the country, the character of the people, the particular mode of warfare adapted to the enterprise—of all these essential points of information Gen. Walker is the perfect master.

But these are not all his advantages. Gen. Walker goes to Central America under the most auspicious circumstances. The lathmus is distracted by civil feud and the contentions of rival nationalities. Guatemala, Salvador and Hondreas are indifferent to the success of his expedition; at least, they will not exert themselves to defeat it. In Nicaragua his cause is sustained by a powerful party. Costa Rica is ready for immediate foe, and on the exhaustion consequent upon the late struggle, will in the recent struggle, that Republic has made most particularly odious in Nicaragua by an undisguised attempt to usurp possession of its sovereignty. Of these advantages we may be sure Gen. Walker will avail himself with his usual sagacity. Very likely, he will march straight upon the capital of Costa Rica, and by a decisive victory over his most inveterate adversary terminate the struggle without effusion of blood.

In any event Gen. Walker is assured of the sympathies of the Southern people. They understand and approve his object. They witness the reign of Mongreism in Central America with extreme impatience. They see the best and most fertile portion of the American continent burdened by the indolence and desolated by the senseless struggles of semi-civilized populations. They long to rescue the country from the tyranny of barbarism and to restore it to the dignity and fruitfulness of civilization. In virtue of its felicitous position and rare resources. They want to open a way for the expansion of slavery in the region of tropical productions. They are confident that Gen. Walker is the man for this great mission, and they will buy him nothing of the sympathy and support that may be essential to the success of his enterprise.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS DISQUIETED.

From The South.

In the Black Republican party a whit less powerful and determined now than they were one year ago? Have they evinced any disposition to abandon their assaults upon the constitutional rights of the South, or to acknowledge the justice and propriety of our claim to an equal participation in the benefits of the Union? Let us test the facts. What are the practical results of Fremont's tremendous vote? As was supposed, it has consolidated the party so renewed efforts, and the recent elections have since been held, they have gained strength with startling rapidity. The affirmation by the Supreme Court of the great principles of the Constitution, upon which the South has stood from the beginning, has not only added fuel to the flame. In six free States they have already taken place, with what result we have been lookin ahead. How the pending contests in Massachusetts, New York and Michigan will terminate, there can scarcely be a doubt. Every thing that has power to sustain the Administration of Mr. Buchanan, in any also Illinois and Indiana; but our confidence in these States hangs upon a very slender thread. They are stubborn facts which cannot be dismissed by the wave of the hand, or concealed by the garb of artful sophistry. They confront us at every turn of the debate and demand serious consideration. With these stern facts before us, we cannot shut our eyes to the evidence of danger, nor close our ears against the gentle whispers of peace, and search in vain for the evidences of reciprocal good feeling among the members of this family of sovereign States—united, indeed, in name; but alienated and estranged in sympathy and interest, and everything which makes union lovely or desirable.

It is not enough in the plain unvarnished story of passing events to arrest the deep attention of the South, and prevent her sinking into the supineness of conscious security? Must she be content with temporary repose, and bask in the brief sunshine, when its day soon be quenched in a night of clouds? While the Northern people are making gigantic strides to all greater preponderance of power, are we to remain idle and tranquil under the inherent anarchy of the Constitution? Is our trust in that instrument avail us when Black Republicanism has begun its reign? Surely, in the present condition of things the people of the South are not justified in trust for safety to timid counsels, which would lull their breasts and lull their energies to sleep by the sweet song of peace. They will not so misinterpret these signs of danger, as to consider them either the wild creations of distempered fancy, or the mischievous fabrications of designing demagogues. The signs of the times are too plain to be mistaken, and he is the worst enemy both of the South and the Union, who seeks to conceal their true meaning and import.

From a calm, dispassionate review of political developments in Northern States, no rational man can fail to perceive that we are to-day as far as ever from a satisfactory solution of our difficulties. It may have a short respite; the winds may be lulled and the waters hushed for a time; but another storm is gathering, and will burst upon the country with redoubled fury. However much we may deplore the direful consequences of slavery agitation, and however much we may deprecate the spirit of universal harmony and fraternal good feeling which would banish forever the machinations of designing demagogues, we cannot avert the inevitable disaster by shutting our eyes and turning away our faces. Plagues and earthquakes are scarcely more beyond our control than are the convulsions in the moral and political world. Until the inherent powers are exhausted or they no longer have materials to work upon, they will continue to rage, despite every exertion to check their dangerous career.

It is perfectly idle to talk about putting an end to slavery agitation. At the North, every popular election, from Governor of a State to street constable, is made to turn upon some phase of the negro question. The public mind is kept in a constant ferment by the meeting appeals of fanatical presses and hustings. Meanwhile, ought the people of the South to relapse into lethargic indifference, and cheat themselves with the delusion that all is serene and fair, and not a cloud rests upon the horizon of the future? Should they not rather look every portent of evil in the face, and, by constant agitation, keep their feeling and sentiment and be ready to meet whatever events the future may bring forth "without fear and with manly hearts"?

Selections.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.—EMIGRATION OF NEGROES.

From the [London] Anti-Slavery Reporter, for October.

SPEECH OF LORD BROUGHAM.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, July 17, 1857.

THE MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE, in the absence of the noble Lord in charge of his intention to present a petition from Guiana, praying for the abolition of certain impediments to the importation of free negroes, took that colony said that he would give way to his noble and learned friend, believing that the consideration of this subject would be favourable to the views of the petitioners.

LORD BROUGHAM.—My Lords, I rise to move a Resolution, which I propose to follow up by a Motion or an Address, for the purpose of the apprehended revival of the African slave-trade. My Lords, when I consider the very great importance of the question which I am about to bring before your Lordships, I cannot avoid expressing my surprise—my agreeable surprise—at finding so many of your Lordships now present; for as I have done nothing to do with party, it has nothing personal to recommend it, it has none of those qualities that generally create a gathering together, I will not say in both Houses, but in your own single House of Parliament. It rather belongs to that class of questions of which Mr. Canning once said, "Vital questions, as they are called, are those questions which nobody cares two straws about." I cannot say, however, that the present question comes within that description, for there is both in Parliament and out of it, a very strong feeling, as well as a deeplyrooted conviction of the importance attaching to the subject which I shall now proceed shortly to bring before your Lordships.

My Lords, it was with very great pain, and no little astonishment, that I first heard of the measures which have been lately adopted in Paris. I felt then, as I feel now, perfectly convinced that the proposal of the Emperor is wholly incapable of lending his countenance to any measures which would tend to revive the African slavetrade. I say so, in the first place, on account of His Majesty's high character with him who first in France abolished that execrable traffic, by the Most Christian Kings" had, one after another, allowed that traffic not only to continue, but even to flourish, and had, indeed, all the while encouraged instead of suppressing it. It was reserved for the Emperor to do that act of the 4th of August which reflects the most honour upon him—I will say, indeed the only act of his life in which he shewed himself the friend of human rights and human liberties—it was reserved for him to do that act, and that act Christian African slave-trade. I cannot, therefore, believe that he, who so naturally prides himself upon his near relationship to that celebrated individual, will take a retrograde course, and lend all his power to a system which his eminent predecessor abolished, and by a measure as to which he has probably been not only *ill advised* and *misled*, but deceived. The Emperor of the French, no doubt, believed that the project in question had none of that tendency to revive the slave-trade which I think I shall be able can prove to your Lordships, without doubt or question, it possessed: I cannot believe it possible that His Imperial Majesty has been otherwise than misinformed and deceived. I cannot conceive why I should, in the first place, When I consider those by whom he is surrounded, and to whom he gives in ecclesiastical matters so much of his confidence—namely, those ministers of religion to whose glory his Imperial Majesty is always inclined to lean, I feel certain that they must have told him of the efforts recommitted by the slave-traders being ranged in the denunciations of Holy Writ with the most baleful and disgusting crimes of which man can be guilty—crimes to which I dare not in this place even allude, except to say that they are not worse than slave-trading. When this shall have been well represented to His Imperial Majesty, and especially when he finds that your Lordships, and that the government of this country are with you in the matter, all that is now doing, or attempting to be done—when that shall have been represented to the Emperor, I trust that His Majesty will view these transactions with the same strong aversion of which he has on previous occasions, and that he will be thus furnished with a sufficient answer to the importunities of his colonial subjects, to which, for the present, and under a misapprehension of the facts and consequences, he seems to have given way.

My Lords, I will without further delay, I will proceed to state how it is that licences have been given to certain mercantile adventurers, or to certain agents, as it has even been said, of the French Government, to import a limited number of free negroes," as the phrase has been, from the French West India Islands. Some profess the scheme as that must end in a renewal of the internal African slave-trade. From the representations which have been made to me by a learned friend, Mr. Fitzpatrick, who filled the important office of judicial assessor of the Gold Coast for a period of six years, and who was thoroughly acquainted with Messrs. Regis, of Marseilles, as well as their representatives upon the Gold Coast, he had ascertained that those gentlemen were most respectable merchants: to that is the information which I have received in reference to them from Mr. Fitzpatrick, prejudice against them cannot be said to have a share. What, then, is the proposition which, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, is now upon the point of being carried into effect? Why, that the Africans, being slaves in their own country, should be induced to emigrate to the West Indies; that care should be taken that the contracts which might be entered into with them should be faithfully observed; that they should have the security of the Government officers for their proper treatment on the voyage to the West Indies; that upon their arrival at that quarter they should have Government security for the exercise of fairness towards them on the part of the employers, to whom they were to be bound apprentices by indenture; and that if they at any time desired to return to their native country, they should be allowed to do so, and should be conveyed back to the coast of Africa, at the end of their time, at the charge of those by whom they had been carried to a foreign land. Thus it was proposed to do for them, in short, every thing which humanity could suggest. But I will beg your Lordships to bear in mind that we do not this evening hear for the first time of Africans being slaves in their own country, or of the great benefits which must result to them from their transmigration to the western hemisphere. On the contrary, it is upon the assurance of this being a blessed change to be effected by such a transmigration, which were in former times so confidently made. Looking back over a period of sixty years, during which time I have had the honour of a seat in this House, and during which I have laboured, more or less actively, more or less successfully, but always to the utmost of my power, for the attainment of that great object, I cannot name a single discussion on the subject, in which language precisely similar to that to which I have just called your Lordships' attention was not made use of. I shall not trouble the House with any lengthened quotations in proof of this statement; but it would, indeed, be absurd to produce two or three instances in order to shew how identical are the arguments which, in years gone by, were advanced in favour of the slavetrade, and the reasons which are now put forward in support of the new system of free emigration. The advocates of slave-trading then, and the advocates of free emigration now, use identically the same arguments. From the year 1787 down to the abolition of the slavetrade in 1807, the reasons which were urged in opposition to the measure were to those used a striking similarity. In 1811, four years afterwards, I introduced into the other House of Parliament the Bill declaring that the conveyance of Africans from their own country, and their sale in other lands, was in law, as it always had been in fact, a crime, and not a traffic. But up to that time, and during the whole period of the controversy from 1787, in all the debates upon that question, Gentlemen will find that when a member for Liverpool asserted that the Africans themselves entertained no objection to the slave-trade. He, moreover, complained that those who held contrary opinions were led away by a mistaken humanity. He indignantly declared that the misery which it was said had been inflicted upon these unfortunate negroes in the middle passage, and conteoded that only five out of 500 of them died upon an average, while 10 1-2 per cent. of our own troops perished in the West India transport. Lord Melville and Lord Castlereagh further cited, in support of his views, the example of one governor, two admirals, one captain, a commodore, and a large number of naval officers, whom he represented as having, in the aforesaid, and a built very favourable testimonies to the benefits which it conferred. Sir William Young, himself a planter, in the course of the same debates, stated that he did not regard the commerce in African slaves in the light of an inhuman commerce. Not only did he defend the traffic in these human beings on the ground that they were slaves in their own country, and, in addition to being slaves, were there subjected to various tortures, and in many instances to murder itself —from all of which he maintained they were saved by the slave-trade; but he described their happiness in the West Indies, and even on board of ship, in romantic terms. According to him, a slave estate was a most delightful spectacle. He spoke of the slaves dancing and singing, and enjoying every indulgence. Alderman Brook Watson, Lord Mayor, took the same view. He held that the slave-trade had brought into our country hundreds of thousands of persons who were made happiness; and wound up by telling the House that there could not be a more delightful scene than that presented by the dancing and other amusements of the negroes on board a well-managed estate. These quotations will probably be sufficient to show your Lordships that the arguments now brought forward in favour of the negro emigration scheme are by no means original, but had been brought forward very freely in defence of the execrable slave-traffic from 1787 to 1807. That plea of free emigration, has, indeed, an ominous resemblance to the scheme in which the slave-trade had its origin. Soon after the discovery of America, it was thought that the introduction of negroes would be a means of saving the Spaniards upon the native Indian tribes might be terminated, if their place was supplied by the importation of negroes from Africa. That scheme arose from the union of philanthropy and benevolence with the love of gain. This unnatural union it was which first produced that monstrous progeny—the African slave-trade. The greatest cruelty ever perpetrated in the history of the world has been described, I hope unfairly, by one of the most eminent philanthropists that ever lived, Bartholomew de las Casas, the protector of the Indians. In accordance with that plan, to which Cardinal Ximenes would not listen, a license to take out 4,000 negroes from Africa was obtained from Charles V., who authorized the importation—a license which was afterwards annually renewed. It is quite true that slaves had been carried over from Africa previously; but the traffic was only an insignificant trade in the Portuguese. The first regular cargoes of slaves traded were laid by the Emperor Charles and his Flemish councillors. Between that plan and the scheme now proposed, there is the closest resemblance; for what is the present emigration arrangement ordered by the French Government? The terms proposed to those negroes for a month, and it is said that negroes, having been purchased and liberated on the African coast, will immediately have the option opened to the nature of an indenture of apprenticeship, which will immediately be signed, sealed, and go on board ship to be conveyed to the West Indies at wages of 12 francs, or 9s. a month, with an allowance of provisions. Now, the negro nature is completely understood by those who have had dealings with them. The negroes are naturally simple-minded and innocent; but they are possessed almost—as were the ancient Egyptians —with an absolute horror of the sea. That feeling was always found in their nature, even before the commencement of the slave-trade, and it had gathered additional strength from that infernal traffic and the middle passage connected with it. To propose, therefore, to free negroes on emigrant from Africa and cross the ocean, is one of the wildest schemes which ever a speculative mind could have conceived. It is said that the Kroomen, who are free negroes, eagerly offer their labour: and that therefore it is natural to presume other negroes will be ready to leave their country. But what are the circumstances which must be held out to those Kroomen before they would consent to go on board ship? Upon that subject I have the benefit of information both from Mr. Fitzpatrick, who has been a long time in Africa, and from the paymaster of one of Her Majesty's ships upon the coast, and from their statements I can inform your Lordships what wages are necessary to tempt the Kroomen to go on board ship. Why, their engagements are only temporary; they are paid 8l9 or 10l a month for a voyage like 2s. 6d. a day, and not 3d. or 4d., as M. Regis offers: and then they will only ship themselves upon condition that they shall only work upon the coast, and that they shall be allowed to land when they please; and when the ship leaves the coast, the Kroomen juvarishly leave the ship. When my noble friend (Earl Grey)—whose absence on the present occasion I very greatly regret—was in office, he had very much pressed upon his attention some [illegible] about the opinions and feelings of Mr. Pitt on this subject. He expressed his hope that authority is with some of you on many subjects, on this it must by all be admitted to have peculiar weight, and to deserve the greatest attention—I may say the most point of importance. Of all the speeches marked by the majestic eloquence—of all the speeches with which he astonished and delighted his hearers, his celebrated oration upon the abolition of the slave trade, delivered in 1791, holds the first place. Some persons may think that his renowned declamation upon the Russian [illegible] the war in 1803 equals, but it certainly does not surpass, it. In that speech Mr. Pitt sums up the atonement which he trusted we were about to make for our long and cruel injustice to Africa. He expressed his hope that in the evening of her days she was about to enjoy those blessings which had descended upon us at an earlier period of the world's history, and he closed with these memorable words:

"This great and happy change to be effected in the state of her inhabitants is, of the all various and important benefits of the abolition is one in contemplation incomparably the most extensive and the most important."

Some years later I heard him, upon the question of a grant to the colony of Sierra Leone, to which objections were taken on a false principle of economy, make the earnest hope and even confidence that the day would come when Africa would take her place in the scale of nations, and enter on a new and splendid career, free in herself and freed forever from the curse of that execrable traffic which had wasted her energies and destroyed her peace. My Lords, I now move my resolution:

"That the encouragement of emigration of negroes from the African coast to the West Indies by the purchase of liberated or by the ransom of prisoners taken in war, even when this may not be connected with the slave trade, must lead to the revival of that slave trade of Africa, and to obstruct the progress of its inhabitants in the arts of peace and the course of civilization."

Motion agreed to *Nemine Dissentiente*.

Then it was moved:

"That a humble Address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to withhold her consent from any Act which may be recommended by Her Majesty's Council for the better enslavement with Her Majesty's allies for engaging them to discontinue the slave trade, which have a tendency to encourage the emigration by any means directly or indirectly connected with the slave trade of any race or class of captives taken in war."

Agreed to *Nemine Dissentiente*.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN THE VERMONT LEGISLATURE.

The people of the State of Vermont will learn with mortification and regret, that their representatives treated the great national question of slavery with coldness and indifference. In the Senate, upon the petition of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, for the present time a member of the U. S. Senate, the Hon. Wm. C. Kittredge and a large number of other eminently respectable citizens, asking for some action, on the part of the Legislature, with reference to the infamous decisions of the Supreme Court upon the rights and immunities of persons who are regarded as free citizens of the United States, a report of "leave to withdraw" was the only attention it received from the committee to whom it was referred.

That a large number of respectable citizens of this State, headed by the wisdom, judgment and discretion of so distinguished a statesman as the Hon. Solomon Foot, have been turned off with so little attention and so great indifference, by the Senate of the State of Vermont, will not only excite the wonder of the people of this State, but of the noble men who have so ably advocated the great principles of the Republican party in our sister States.

Is it possible that the people of Vermont are growing weary of the agitation of the great question of human liberty and are disposed to relax their efforts to prevent the extension of human slavery!! Shall the past glory of the State, made lustrous by its defence of human freedom, be buried beneath the gloomy of a cold indifference, or become shrouded by a *cowardly conservatism?* Shall it be said that Vermont shrinks from the position she has heretofore so defiantly maintained and has fallen to the rear of her sister States?

While the Senate have thus treated the petition of the Hon. Solomon Foot, the House of Representatives has stifled the freedom of debate by a vote of more than three to one.

Upon the petition of Ithamer Smith and others, praying for the passage of "some law which shall visit with severe penalties any person who, under any pretence, may engage in the atrocious business of capturing and returning a fugitive slave," a report was made by a special committee, accompanied by a bill, the passage of which they recommended. This bill was drafted, almost word for word, from "An Act to protect the Rights and Liberties of the People of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," which, it will be remembered, was drafted by Gardner and then passed by a two-thirds vote in both branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and is now a law upon the statute-book of that State.

Less than one week was allowed for the discussion of this bill, when the previous question was moved and sustained by the House—forty members, only, voting in favour of free speech, upon the great national question of slavery; while upon upon the main question, which was upon a motion to dismiss the bill, SIXTY-SIX MEMBERS, ONLY, voted in the negative.

Have the Representatives of Vermont, in thus voting to muzzle the "gag law" and "choke down" free discussion; in thus voting to dismiss a bill which would have thrown an additional safeguard around human liberty, fairly and honestly represented their constituency?

The action of the session were occupied in the discussion of the expediency of giving a Licentiate the legal power of consummating marriage, the great question of human liberty, which occupied six weeks of the National Congress in the election of the Hon. N. P. Banks; which agitated the country from the walls of the great Pacific to the line of the Aroostook, in the Presidential Campaign of 1856; which is the *only* question dividing the great political parties of the nation, and is to furnish the battle-ground for the momentous political contest of 1860—the great question of human liberty, we repeat, has been crushed out of a VERY LEGISLATURE, after a discussion of less than an hour and a half.

We forbear to make any commentary, and admits of no defence.

—Green-Mountain Freeman.

THE LATEST SLAVE CASE IN CINCINNATI.

The trial of which we give the following account from *The*

[illegible] Those [illegible] for selling, abetting and harbouring slaves have been among the African princes, and, adding that the most difficult of all things was to teach the negroes a regard for truth, says:

"One of the objections to this emigration scheme is that it has all the appearance of a new slave-trade. It will be very easy for a few to receive emigrants at Whydah in anything but a barren country."

I have received similar testimony from Mr. Foster, a highly respectable person connected with the African trade. He takes precisely the same view of the subject, and has printed his opinions in the newspapers. Having complained that he had been misrepresented on account of having mentioned the grievance, Mr. Foster adds that he who refused to go voluntarily on board ship, he continues:

"What I said referred to his treatment in the hands of the native slave dealers before it was shipped, after he has been brought to the coast and sold.

"I deny that the native African is cruelly treated at home before he is sold. The natives of Africa are not a cruel people, but are pastoral and social relations. I will undertake to say there are fewer cases of cruelty among them in proportion to the population than in this country."

If the slave trade is to be revived in this new form, it may just as well be revived in its old shape. The consequences will be quite the same. The same cruelties will be practised in the interior as they proposed would bring more slaves from the interior than were wanted, and they would be stationed in barracoons, while it would suit the the minds of the people, and disturb as little as possible the legitimate trade on the coast, as much as an unlimited traffic under the old system."

I have touched upon that which presents itself as an insuperable difficulty in the way of this scheme, that of emigration of Africans; I mean the impossibility of taking precautions which shall give us a chance—I do not say a reasonable prospect, but even a chance—of preventing the recurrence of all the greatest abuses, which grew, in the course of the transport of the negroes. When we remember that no person, no free English subject, is allowed to embark on board a vessel going to Angola, or any other of our own settlements, without the greatest care being taken to examine the vessel, the stowage, her accommodation for the number of passengers proposed to be received on board, her provisions, and the medical attendance which has been provided; and, above all, to see that no person is taken on board who does not do so of his own free will, and with a knowledge of what he is undertaking; and when we find that so strictly is this guarded by law that the severest penalties are inflicted in the case of any shipment of free English subjects on board any British merchant vessel bound to the port; where there is a custom-house and a staff of officers to mark these preliminary investigations; we must at once perceive the uselessness of any attempt to conduct in the coast of Africa, and to make inquiries whether it were possible to procure really free emigrants. Earl Grey stated it was impracticable to do so, and experience of the war in 1803 equals, but it certainly does not surpass, it. In that speech Mr. Pitt sums up the atonement which he trusted we were about to make for our long and cruel injustice to Africa. He expressed his hope that in the evening of her days she was about to enjoy those blessings which had descended upon us at an earlier period of the world's history, and he closed with these memorable words:

"This great and happy change to be effected in the state of her inhabitants is, of the all various and important benefits of the abolition is one in contemplation incomparably the most extensive and the most important."

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The people of the State of Vermont will learn with mortification and regret, that their representatives treated the great national question of slavery with coldness and indifference. In the Senate, upon the petition of Hon. Salmon P. Chase, for the present time a member of the U. S. Senate, the Hon. Wm. C. Kittredge and a large number of other eminently respectable citizens, asking for some action, on the part of the Legislature, with reference to the infamous decisions of the Supreme Court upon the rights and immunities of persons who are regarded as free citizens of the United States, a report of "leave to withdraw" was the only attention it received from the committee to whom it was referred.

That a large number of respectable citizens of this State, headed by the wisdom, judgment and discretion of so distinguished a statesman as the Hon. Solomon Foot, have been turned off with so little attention and so great indifference, by the Senate of the State of Vermont, will not only excite the wonder of the people of this State, but of the noble men who have so ably advocated the great principles of the Republican party in our sister States.

Is it possible that the people of Vermont are growing weary of the agitation of the great question of human liberty and are disposed to relax their efforts to prevent the extension of human slavery!! Shall the past glory of the State, made lustrous by its defence of human freedom, be buried beneath the gloomy of a cold indifference, or become shrouded by a *cowardly conservatism?* Shall it be said that Vermont shrinks from the position she has heretofore so defiantly maintained and has fallen to the rear of her sister States?

While the Senate have thus treated the petition of the Hon. Solomon Foot, the House of Representatives has stifled the freedom of debate by a vote of more than three to one.

Upon the petition of Ithamer Smith and others, praying for the passage of "some law which shall visit with severe penalties any person who, under any pretence, may engage in the atrocious business of capturing and returning a fugitive slave," a report was made by a special committee, accompanied by a bill, the passage of which they recommended. This bill was drafted, almost word for word, from "An Act to protect the Rights and Liberties of the People of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," which, it will be remembered, was drafted by Gardner and then passed by a two-thirds vote in both branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and is now a law upon the statute-book of that State.

Less than one week was allowed for the discussion of this bill, when the previous question was moved and sustained by the House—forty members, only, voting in favour of free speech, upon the great national question of slavery; while upon upon the main question, which was upon a motion to dismiss the bill, SIXTY-SIX MEMBERS, ONLY, voted in the negative.

Have the Representatives of Vermont, in thus voting to muzzle the "gag law" and "choke down" free discussion; in thus voting to dismiss a bill which would have thrown an additional safeguard around human liberty, fairly and honestly represented their constituency?

The action of the session were occupied in the discussion of the expediency of giving a Licentiate the legal power of consummating marriage, the great question of human liberty, which occupied six weeks of the National Congress in the election of the Hon. N. P. Banks; which agitated the country from the walls of the great Pacific to the line of the Aroostook, in the Presidential Campaign of 1856; which is the *only* question dividing the great political parties of the nation, and is to furnish the battle-ground for the momentous political contest of 1860—the great question of human liberty, we repeat, has been crushed out of a VERY LEGISLATURE, after a discussion of less than an hour and a half.

We forbear to make any commentary, and admits of no defence.

—Green-Mountain Freeman.

THE LATEST SLAVE CASE IN CINCINNATI.

The trial of which we give the following account from *The*

[illegible] Those [illegible] for selling, abetting and harbouring slaves have been among the African princes, and, adding that the most difficult of all things was to teach the negroes a regard for truth, says:

"One of the objections to this emigration scheme is that it has all the appearance of a new slave-trade. It will be very easy for a few to receive emigrants at Whydah in anything but a barren country."

I have received similar testimony from Mr. Foster, a highly respectable person connected with the African trade. He takes precisely the same view of the subject, and has printed his opinions in the newspapers. Having complained that he had been misrepresented on account of having mentioned the grievance, Mr. Foster adds that he who refused to go voluntarily on board ship, he continues:

"What I said referred to his treatment in the hands of the native slave dealers before it was shipped, after he has been brought to the coast and sold.

"I deny that the native African is cruelly treated at home before he is sold. The natives of Africa are not a cruel people, but are pastoral and social relations. I will undertake to say there are fewer cases of cruelty among them in proportion to the population than in this country."

If the slave trade is to be revived in this new form, it may just as well be revived in its old shape. The consequences will be quite the same. The same cruelties will be practised in the interior as they proposed would bring more slaves from the interior than were wanted, and they would be stationed in barracoons, while it would suit the the minds of the people, and disturb as little as possible the legitimate trade on the coast, as much as an unlimited traffic under the old system."

I have touched upon that which presents itself as an insuperable difficulty in the way of this scheme, that of emigration of Africans; I mean the impossibility of taking precautions which shall give us a chance—I do not say a reasonable prospect, but even a chance—of preventing the recurrence of all the greatest abuses, which grew, in the course of the transport of the negroes. When we remember that no person, no free English subject, is allowed to embark on board a vessel going to Angola, or any other of our own settlements, without the greatest care being taken to examine the vessel, the stowage, her accommodation for the number of passengers proposed to be received on board, her provisions, and the medical attendance which has been provided; and, above all, to see that no person is taken on board who does not do so of his own free will, and with a knowledge of what he is undertaking; and when we find that so strictly is this guarded by law that the severest penalties are inflicted in the case of any shipment of free English subjects on board any British merchant vessel bound to the port; where there is a custom-house and a staff of officers to mark these preliminary investigations; we must at once perceive the uselessness of any attempt to conduct in the coast of Africa, and to make inquiries whether it were possible to procure really free emigrants. Earl Grey stated it was impracticable to do so, and experience

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Cincinnati Gazette.

THE case of Mr. Waite threatens to lead to much more litigation, in the shape of criminal prosecutions. Two have already been commenced, with others in prospect.

Yesterday morning Squire B. Million made oath before United States Commissioner George M. Lee, that James Pentney, a witness on the trial of Waite, did, about the 20th of September, 1856, harbour and conceal eight fugitives from labour, so as to prevent their delivery and arrest by their claimant and master, to whom they owed service. The warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy United States Marshal Churchill, who took Mr. Pentney into custody.

Previous to this arrest, however, Mr. William Shaw, who was the principal witness for the defence, on Tuesday swore out a warrant against Squire B. Million for committing willful perjury, in swearing positively to certain statements on the trial of Waite, especially to denying that he gave the slaves permission to come to his house for the purpose of the conference. Mr. Million admitted, while the Jury were out, that the negro Lewis told him that he should leave Kentucky the night he did, and that there was an agreement that the slaves should return, or the master should come for them, as soon as some arrangement could be effected. This is the basis of the charge of perjury, and upon which Mr. Million was arrested by Deputy-Marshal Churchill.

Both parties, with their counsel—Mr. Jolliffe for Mr. Pentney, and Judge Spooner for Mr. Million—appeared yesterday afternoon before Commissioner Lee, who entered upon an examination of the charge against Mr. Million, which resulted in the discharge of the accused by the Commissioner. The case of Mr. Pentney was postponed until the 18th inst., and the defendant required to give bail in $500. Bonds in the same amount were required of Mr. Million as prosecuting witness.

HON. DAVID WILMOT ON HIS DEFEAT.

From The Erie (Pa.) Constitution.

TOWANDA, Saturday, Oct. 31, 1857.

R. LYLE WHITE, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* The battle is lost, as men ordinarily estimate results. It will discourage the weak and doubting—the vexed will seek shelter in the camp of the enemy. The men of courage and faith will stand firm, with confidence unshaken in the final triumph of the Right. Courage and perseverance are qualities essential in a conflict with Error and Wrong; these with untiring activity, are the elements of success in all great revolutions.

I look to the future with unshaken confidence. Liberty cannot be crushed out in this age and country. Oppression has no charters from God. The tyrant that now exults in power, and defiantly assails not only the constitutional rights of humanity and freedom, but the God-given rights of man, shall soon fall a lifeless and loathsome corpse under the persevering and courageous assaults of Truth.

The mere politician believes in the potency of great interests. He recks not the love of liberty any other than selfish motives influences the actions of men. He has no faith in God and Truth, and Justice are subordinate than Selfishness and Wrong. The Heroes and Martyrs of our country and the noblemen of Humanity. Men are capable of the highest purposes, and wield loyal steadfastness to principle. Truth is never silent, but pleads ever, with irresistible persuasiveness and power. There is a strength in a noble, self-sacrificing disinterestedness, battling in its first cause, that cannot be overcome. All the great moral forces of Nature are working unceasingly on the side of the Right. In the struggle of life we require strength in overcoming obstacles that beset our path. Deniers in the constancy and courage of parties as of men. In the nature of things movement come, but if we are true to the cause of Freedom and Humanity, our triumph is certain; nor will the day be long postponed. Oppression, Injustice, Wrong cannot stand against righteousness and truth—if we, the people, remain steadfast —then is the earth a province of the Evil One, and man the helpless victim of his malignity.

In the hour of disasters and defeat we must preserve an abiding faith in rectitude and in the living energies of Truth. We must never despond nor weary in the performance of our high duties. There is nothing in the result of the late election that should for a moment dishearten our hopes or relax our efforts. It is but the natural and essential order of things—it has not made the Wrong Right—this is beyond the power of a majority. Majorities can make the rulers of to-day, but they cannot make principles. Power can wrest from the hearts of men hatred of the oppressor. They may uphold for a time violence and fraud, by the strong arm of military power; but they cannot lawfully take from man the rights with which his Maker invested him. Not a stone in the citadel of our enemy has been thrown down by the late blow on the impregnable rock of truth. The tyranny, outrage and wrong against which we protest is in no degree extenuated by the majority given against us. Oppression has gained a new power, but not a new basis of exaction for its cruelty and injustice. Let us renew our vows to Freedom, and gain strength fur future conflicts, by divesting ourselves of every selfish and ignoble desire.

Truly your friend,
D. WILMOT.

THE NEW SLAVE TRADE.

From The Boston Traveller, Nov. 18th.

We noticed briefly yesterday the news brought from Africa by the barque *Sierra Leone*, that the Ann Bota then Capt. Tufts has furnished copies of *The Sierra Leone New Era* of Sept. 21, in which we find some interesting statements of the sad effects of the attempts of the French Emperor to export negroes from the coast of Africa to his West India colonies, under the name of free labourers, for the term of ten years.

The New Era says the great stimulus given to the slave trade by the most discreditable temptation on the part of a leading power of Europe, the people of which, [illegible] which their ancestors enjoyed as an end forever in the colonies of France), is producing great evil in the African and other countries where its influence is felt, and is uprooting all the good done in three years of peace and freedom from the slave trade in the Bight of Benin.

Already, says *The New Era*, the Abbeokutas, who last year brought fifteen hundred tuns of palm oil from Lagos to sell, have this year only brought five hundred tuns, and the unwilling people have been forced to follow their chiefs to war in order to feed the demand for slaves at Whydah.

The unwillingness of the bulk of the inhabitants of that interesting town to abandon their legitimate commerce and their cotton plantations may be gathered from a proclamation of the chief priest of the Abbeokutas, in which they declare that, in order to procure a large army for the Abbeokutan war, soon to be undertaken, trade must be stopped now, and that during the war nothing must be sold and nothing bought

upon this subject, confirms what Br. Long and others asserted.

7. Dr. Cross, of the Southern Church, informed me that to his personal knowledge several members of the Baltimore Conference, were in fact slaveholders, owning "their servants" in the name of some friend.

8. Rev. Thomas Carlton has admitted before at least twenty Methodist ministers at one time, and thirty at another (of whom none are as yet fallen asleep), that he knows of one member of the Baltimore Conference, who owned three slaves, and another who owned twelve; and when told point blank, that he knew of others in the same Conference who were slaveholders, and dare not deny it, he did not disclaim the alleged knowledge.

9. A minister from the border told us personally, within a month, that he knew a member of the Philadelphia Conference to "sell a nigger and put him in his pocket," but a few years ago, this clerical dealer in human flesh and blood, being at that time, and still a member of that body, and for aught we know, a delegate to the last General Conference. He is notified as a witness at Br. Long's trial.

Such are a few of the facts proving the complicity of our Church with slavery in the border Conferences. And yet our anti-slavery neighbour of the *Nashville Christian Advocate* defends these Conferences as aggressively anti-slavery! O, for a little anti-slavery eye-salve, that he may see! M.

From Zion's Herald.

LETTER FROM REV. J. D. LONG.

Dr. Haven: In the Cambridge *Herald* of Saturday, Oct. 31, is an advertisement of $1,200 reward for the apprehension and delivery of four runaway slaves from Dorchester County, Maryland, by their owners, James Wallace, Esq., Levin Deal, W. W. Lecomte and Eliza Hooper. Mr. Wallace is a member of the M. E. Church, a prominent lawyer in Cambridge, and is at present a member of the State Senate. Mr. Lecomte is also a member of our Church. The notice suggested some painful reflections in my mind. It is deeply humiliating to me as a member of the M. E. Church to see so many Methodists in Maryland advertising for runaway slaves in the different County papers. It demonstrates these facts: 1. That we have slaveholders in the M. E. Church. 2. That they are mercenary, and regard their slaves solely in the light of property, just as they would a runaway horse or mule. 3. That simple slaveholding, as Dr. Stevens politely calls it, necessarily leads them thus to regard their human property. 4. If slaves are caught after attempting to escape they are sold to the negro-trader, as a late law of Maryland requires them to be sold. 5. It refutes all those assertions among Methodists that they are involved in slavery contrary to their wish or desire; for when the poor slave takes to his heels, endeavouring to relieve his master of all further trouble, the owner immediately offers money to stimulate the human bloodhounds to bring back the panting fugitive into endless bondage.

Will you permit me to refer to Dr. Stevens's late editorial note, in which he refers to my Pictures of Slavery, and very modestly says that he does not believe my allegations. He is evidently trying to break the moral force of my book in public estimation, and to screen the slaveholders of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Conference from odium. I think Dr. Stevens has done me injustice. My statements should be received as true till they are proved to be false. The Doctor also stated weeks ago, that members of the Philadelphia Conference were grieved at the statements of my book. I *would be* much obliged if the Doctor would let us know in Philadelphia who those gentlemen were. Perhaps I might administer some consolation to these afflicted souls. Divine goodness will vindicate my book. My name is now a synonym for all that is vile among slaveholders in the South. Yet in the hearts of hundreds of Maryland slaves it is embalmed in deepest affection that no injustice of learned doctors of divinity can destroy. And when the hand that pens these lines shall be cold in death, my name will be another term for liberty and justice to the slave. Living or dying, my motto is this, slavery has no law or rights that the "white man is bound to respect." J. D. Long.

West Philadelphia, Nov. 7.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

From the Correspondence of various journals.

THE KANSAS QUESTION.

The Administration do not hesitate to openly endorse the Kansas policy of Gov. Walker. His fearless action from the beginning, and especially with respect to the infamous election frauds, has already commended him to the hearty approval of the conservative and fair men of every section of the Union. It is not known from any reliable source, or indeed any source at all, that he has either favoured or opposed the constitution and schedule recently framed by the Constitutional Convention of Kansas. Nor will this be known, his friends say, until his arrival in Washington, which it is expected will be to-night or to-morrow.—*Forney's Philadelphia Press.*

The Kansas question has been thoroughly canvassed in cabinet council, and the action of the Convention in the main approved. Certain it is that the Convention did not run counter to any established precedent—that they assumed no authority which had not been exercised before them by other similar Conventions convened for similar purposes, and that they submitted the main issue (slavery or no slavery) to the people.—*New York Herald.*

Although *The Union* talks confidently of "the peaceable and satisfactory adjustment of the Kansas difficulties," it is certain that the President and the Cabinet are greatly embarrassed by the complication into which the extreme zeal of their partisans has got them. It is manifest that the game which was tried at first, of pretending that the submission of a single clause to popular vote was the submission of the whole Constitution to rejection or approval by the people, will not avail. The humbug, the evasion of such a dodge, was too palpable. It was a political stratagem of the same nature, and as easily seen through, as the military ruse of the Japanese, who raise long lines of canvas fortification when an enemy's fleet approaches their coast. It did not even require a telescope to expose the trick: it was visible at first sight to all who were not willfully blind.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Kansas question is to be soon put at rest, and the whole force of the anti-slavery party is to be exerted in the transfer of the agitation to Arizonia. Emigration aid societies will be formed and abolition emissaries sent out to that new field of contest as soon as the Territorial government will be established. The United States troops in Kansas can be transferred in due time to the new scene of action.—*Baltimore Sun.*

I do not believe that Governor Walker will be as bitterly assailed by the South as his opponents anticipate. The course of the St. Louis *Republican*, which supports him for his rejection of the frauds in Kansas, and the moderate and conservative example of the Richmond *Enquirer* and *Examiner*, are indications that do not promise a unanimity in the proscriptive war declared against him by Mr. Pryor, of *The South;* Mr. Barksdale, of the *Mississippian;* and Mr. Jenkins, of the New Orleans *Delta.*

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, a man of growing power, just reëlected to the Senate, is expected to take the lead against Walker, and is indeed spoken of in some of the papers of the South as the democratic leader in the Senate. Notwithstanding the reconciliation between Jefferson Davis and himself, it is surmised that they will hardly be as cordial as their supposed agreement against the Governor of Kansas might lead others to infer. I am clearly of opinion, however, that Mr. Hunter, of Virginia; Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama; Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas; Mr. Bayard, of Delaware; Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, and even Mr. Brown, of Mississippi (who likes Governor Walker greatly), will not be ready to follow any man's lead against Governor Walker, simply because the Governor refused to allow a set of desperadoes to cheat at an election in Kansas. The two new (expected) Senators from Minnesota, Messrs. Rice and Shields, will no doubt speedily follow the acceptance of the State constitution recently adopted by the people of the Territory. This makes the account stand in the Senate fifteen slave to seventeen free States; and if Kansas and Oregon should be admitted during the session the result will be fifteen to nineteen.—*Forney's Philadelphia Press.*

Mr. Stanton's resignation of the Secretaryship of Kansas did not surprise the Administration, as has been alleged. On the contrary, it had been previously arranged that he should retire whenever the Constitutional Convention should have finished its work, and then succeed Governor Cumming, the new Governor of Utah, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. This lucrative office was the moving consideration to his supposed sacrifice. Accordingly, he will be nominated, although he is sure to encounter decided opposition in the Senate. The feeling of the Southern wing of the Cabinet is intensely hostile to Gov. Walker, and a strong effort is making to emphasize the Message against him. The proceedings of the Constitutional Convention are approved, and their final action accepted without qualification.—*Tribune.*

A strong conviction is felt here that the crafty band of Gov. Walker is visible in the work of the Constitutional Convention of Kansas. Some of his most intimate New York friends made that declaration to-day, and there are other ear-marks which strengthen the proof. If the instrument received in Washington, be really that adopted by the Convention—and it is authoratatively accepted as such—then it is very clear that the whole Kansas battle has to be fought over again. To preclude the people from voting upon every part of the proposed Constitution, but a Slavery cause, is a direct violation of the professed principle of the Nebraska bill, besides being an outrage upon popular rights which aggravates all the wrongs heretofore suffered in that Territory. No mode of escape is offered. No alternative is possible. Vote or no vote, the Constitution must be crammed down the throats of the majority, by a piece of chicanery the most insulting and audacious yet devised by a desperate minority. Does anybody believe that even the moderate men who have counseled forbearance, who have stood between the two extremes, seeking a fair adjustment of the difficulty, will submit to an imposture so monstrous as this.—*Ibid.*

Nov. 23.—It is a little surprising that no official or reliable advices have been received from Gov. Walker since the action of the Constitutional Convention. The Administration is no little mystified by this silence, and, while assuming his acquiescence in the result, manifests distrust at some of the indications. All the signs now passing here point to a rupture between these parties at no distant day, which may be precipitated either through the intended censure of the Message upon the rejection of the fraudulent returns, or the possible repudiation of the Constitution by Walker. They know that the Governor is just the man to take any desperate chance to retrieve his political or personal fortunes, and they are quite prepared to find him enrolled in the ranks of the Opposition, if a favourable opening should offer. No turn or summerset of his can create surprise here, for, with all the concert of policy, an estrangement has been growing up, proceeding mainly from the feeling of men competing for the same object by different directions. Even such a heresy has been uttered by a Cabinet Minister as that Walker will yet be the "Black Republican candidate for the Presidency"—"Black Republican" being the court phrase for designating all opponents, even the select circle of Silver Grays who yet adhere to the forlorn fortunes of "our dear Fillmore."—*Ibid.*

Nov. 24.—A despatch has been received here from a gentleman intimately associated with Gov. Walker saying that up to the 20th he had reserved commiting himself regarding the action of the Constitutional Convention in Kansas. The President will approve its proceedings fully. He will contend in the Message that the question of slavery has been submitted fairly to the people, and that the present mode is the only one for attaining its settlement. The Message on this point is under deliberation, but will be determined this week to the satisfaction of the Southern wing of the Cabinet.—*Ibid.*

There is much speculation here as to the course Gov. Walker will pursue with reference to the new turn of affair in Kansas. The question is mooted whether he will not consider himself pledged by his Topeka speech to array himself with the Free State men, and against the movement referring only a single clause of the new Constitution to the people.

Many Northern Democrats here, even who were earnest supporters of the Nebraska bill, are vehement in their denunciations of the ingenious dodge by which the Kansas Convention has sought to cheat the people of Kansas out of an opportunity to pass directly upon the organic law of the new State. The proceeding is characterized as the most flagrant outrage; and conservative Southern men deplore the evils likely to flow from it, in reopening and embittering the contest.

There is, apparently, to be a storm in Congress over this entire question, next winter, compared with which the Nebraska bill excitement was as a gentle breeze. If the Administration acquiesces in and lends its moral support to the final proceedings of the Kansas Convention, wise, experienced and prudent men predict an irresistible reorganization of parties forthwith, on a distinctly-drawn sectional line. The hall opens in a fortnight, when we shall soon be able to judge of the dance.—*Times.*

SLAVERY THE SUPREME LAW.

From The (Washington) Republic.

Step by step, the Black Democracy are preparing to subjugate this country to the sway of African barbarism. It is scarcely three months since the President startled all sober men with the announcement that the Constitution carries slavery into all the Territories of the Union; and now his pensioned organ, the *Washington Union, speaking, doubtless, by authority, has the audacity to assert,* THAT NOT EVEN STATE SOVEREIGNTY IS A BARRIER TO THE BLACK AND BLIGHTING CURSE!

Who could have dreamed, five or seven years ago, that the official organ of any Administration would have DARED SUCH AN INSULT TO THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES AND THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE?

We could scarcely credit our senses when we read the following passages in the *Washington Union* of Tuesday last:

"The Constitution declares that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States.' Every citizen coming into another State has, therefore, a right to the protection of his person, and that property which is recognised as such by the Constitution of the United States, any law of a State to the contrary notwithstanding. So far from any State having a right to deprive him of this propesty, it is its bounden duty to protect him in its possession.

"If these views are correct—and we believe it would be difficult to invalidate them—*it follows that all State laws, whether organic or otherwise, which prohibit a citizen of one State from settling in another, and bringing his slave property with him, and most especially declaring it forfeited, are direct violations of the original intention of a Government* which, as before stated, is the protection of person and property, and the Constitution of the United States which recognises property in slaves, and declares that 'the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States,' among the most essential of which is the protection of person and property."

Following this latest exposition of Black Democracy, which very far transcends the creed of Calhoun, or of his South Carolina disciples of the present day, the editor labours, in an article of two columns and a half, to gild the nauseous pill. The laboured length of this jesuitical editorial, brimful as it is of the rankest toryism and "moral treason," demonstrates it to be an indirect emanation from the President and Cabinet; and we shall not be in the least surprised if it turns out to be a foreshadowing of the Message. The partial endorsement of the Silliman letter by the Northern people, to be inferred from the rest of the late elections, has emboldened the President to take another step forward in the work of Africanizing the continent.

This step would never have been ventured upon, if the States of New York and Ohio had rolled up, as they might have done, their accustomed Republican or Anti-Nebraska majorities. This insult to the free States is justly traceable to the culpable supineness of the professed enemies of despotism, who have either neglected to vote, or omitted exercising all the weight of their influence at the late elections.

A "DRED SCOTT CASE" IN INDIANA.

From the Indianapolis Journal, Nov. 14th.

It is a singular and interesting fact, that the same point decided by the Supreme Court of the United States in the celebrated Dred Scott case is now pending before the Supreme Court of Indiana.

It seems that some months ago, Dr. William A. Bowles, of Orange county, brought into this State seven slaves, to be kept here temporarily, and then taken back to Kentucky. After keeping them here for some time he did take them back.

In the meantime proceedings were instituted in the Orange County Common Pleas Court against Bowles, charging him with bringing negroes into this State contrary to our Constitution and laws. Bowles defended on the ground that the negroes were slaves, and that he had a right, under the Dred Scott decision, to bring them into Indiana. This defence was overruled by the Court of Common Pleas; and he was fined forty dollars. From this judgment he appeals to the Supreme Court of Indiana.

The case seems to involve this question for the consideration of the Court, namely; Shall the prohibition in our Constitution against the bringing of negroes into Indiana prevail, or shall it become a nullity by the overpowering authority of the United States Supreme Court?

It should be recollected that our Constitution, so far as this question is concerned, makes no difference between slaves and free negroes. It provides that "no negro or mulatto shall come into, or settle in, this State." And both the Constitution and statute make it a penal offense in any one to aid any negro or mulatto in the infringement of this constitutional provision. Nor can any one doubt that the provision applies to all negroes and mulattoes whether bond or free. Our Supreme Court has already, in the case of Barkshire vs. the State, 7 Ind. R., 389, held that the provision above cited must be enforced as to a free negro; and that, too, under circumstances the most revolting. The negro Barkshire had brought a negro into the State, and he was held liable to punishment, under this prohibition, for so doing, though he intermarried with her as soon as he had brought her here. He was, in fact, held liable to the penalty of the law for encouraging his own wife to remain with him here—the Court pronouncing, however, that the marriage itself was void. The effect of the decision was, that a negro lawfully residing here could not bring his own wife into the State.

Now, it remains to be seen whether, since no man may bring a free negro into the State, and not even a free negro lawfully resident here may bring into the State his own wife or child, a slaveholder can bring his slave here. If our Supreme Court decide that he may, it will virtually nullify the constitutional provision above referred to, or at least limit its operation to free negroes—therefore giving the preference to slaves and slavery over free negroes and freedom—giving to the slaveholder a privilege denied to every non-slaveholding man in Indiana.

But if, on the other hand, our Supreme Judges hold that the judgment against Dr. Bowles is right, they must do it in the very teeth of the decision in the Dred Scott case; for assuredly, if that decision is right, Bowles had a right to bring his slaves into Indiana.

So it appears that our Supreme Judges are in this dilemma, they must either hold our own State Constitution on the subject a nullity, and overrule it, or they must overrule the Supreme Court of the United States.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.

Correspondence of The New York Herald.

Havana, Nov. 9, 1857.

For the particular information of the abolitionists of New England, I have a few items of interest, and I beg their attention to ascertain how many of their profession are interested in the actual property which they have, or their neighbours, put into the African slave trade. We have now captured and have as prizes in this port, four slavers, of which three were certainly built by capital derived from Boston and Portland folks. These vessels built and owned for some years in Maine and Massachusetts, and when captured Eastern people were on board of them as officers and part of the crew. The fourth vessel was probably owned by parties in Massachusetts, New York, and Maine, and was sold with the knowledge that she was intended for the slave trade.

On the 31st of October the Spanish war-steamer, General Lezo, brought into this port the American bark Vestal, of Boston, captured near Remedios, and having on board 116 Africans. The officers and crew, it is said, were permitted to desert. The mate of this vessel, hailing from Maine, is at present in this city, but probably will arrive in New York by this steamer. The Spanish war steamer Colon, captured and brought into port, on the 7th inst., an American bark, found near Sagua le Grande, having on board 460 Africans, candidates for Spanish Christianity and freedom, aided and abetted by Yankee civilization and Yankee wealth. It is said that the officers and crew of this vessel are native born citizens of the United States—the officers from the State of Maine, and some of the sailors from that and other States of New England—vessel's name supposed to be the Petrel. It is a fact that whenever we find a slaver, having made a voyage successfully or not, and the officers are known, they invariably belong to New England, and most of them to Maine and Massachusetts. It is not possible that this trade, conducted as it is with a large part of the active basis in capital invested in New England, should not inure to the benefit of some of the abolition brethren. When the vessels of the shipowners of Maine and Massachusetts come to Cuban ports their masters have instructions to sell their vessels, under which many sales have been made, and some one of the officers of the vessels sold generally go as the American captain of her to the Coast, the business for which the vessels are required being well understood.

We have also another cargo of free slaves from the Celestials, by the Peruvian bark Tonito Torrices, Peritt, master, consigned to Torrices, Puentos & Co., arrived on the 7th from Macao and Cape of Good Hope with 169 Asiatics. Ninety-five died on the voyage for want of stimulants or air.

Bodies of dragoons, I understand, are quartered at short distances from each other, from Guanajay all along the north coast of this island, with the view of arresting any *bozales* whose landings have been effected despite the vigilance of the Spanish cruisers. This circumstance will scarcely tend to render General Concha more popular among the slave traders.

Three hundred and sixty *bozales* were recently arrested at or near Guantanamo, who had been landed a short time previously from a bark of American build, near that place. These *bozales* are understood to have been her entire cargo. By the way, do the people of England know there has not been a British cruiser near this island during the last two or three months? Where are the gunboats that we heard were to come here, I know not how long ago? Nothing has been seen or heard of them as being about our coast; and now that the Spanish cruisers have shown them the way the slavers are to be caught, there cannot be any longer an excuse for the British cruisers if they, when they do arrive here, should not also make some captures of slavers; but as I wrote you some time ago, the belief is the British government (not the people of Great Britain), do not in reality desire that the African slave trade should cease.

CONSCIENCE—OUT OF ORDER.

From The Republic.

It has been said that any allusion to "conscience" on the floors of Congress is strictly unparliamentary; but we had supposed that, in a religious assembly, the irregularity might be tolerated. It seems, however, we have been mistaken, as appears from the following report of the proceedings of the Virginia Presbyterian Synod, which was in session in this city about two weeks ago. It will be recollected that the Synod adopted a report, or resolutions, declaring its separation from the General Assembly of the New School body, on the ground that the latter has condemned slavery. While the report was under discussion, the Rev. Messrs. Haskell and Sunderland, both of this city, mildly expressed their disapprobation of slavery, and stated that their *consciences* would not permit them to vote for the report, as express sanction and endorsement are given to slavery in that document. The Rev. Mr. Nourse, according to *The Star*, "thought time enough had been given for consultation, and, while feeling for the District Presbytery, there was no other course, in his opinion, than the one recommended, for them to pursue. *As to conscience, we were not to be guided by that.* We were guided by the Word of God. Conscience was to be educated. The Northern part of the Church had given up their conscience to the guidance of their fallen instincts. We must be guided by the Bible," &c.

The reverend gentleman has no doubt read accounts of the Thugs, in India, who make murder and robbery a matter of religious obligation; and of the cannibals of the Fejee islands, who particularly relish a slice of cold missionary; each of them instances of the power of education over conscience! Let him not despair, therefore. It is true that none but knaves or hypocrites openly or persistently disregard the dictates of conscience in this benighted land, but there is no knowing what "education" may do for us, under the direction of Dr. Ross and Brigham Young!

The *Era* justly remarks:

"We would like to be informed by the Rev. Mr. Nourse, if conscience is to be distrusted upon all questions. For instance, the educated conscience of this age condemns concubinage and polygamy. But the Bible does not—unless it condemns slavery. It as fully upholds polygamy as slavery. Why may not the Mormon claim Mr. Nourse as *his* defender? We have nothing to do with conscience—the men of the Bible had a multiplicity of wives. God said to David, 'I give thee thy master's house, *and thy master's wives* into thy bosom.' Conscience is an interloper—what David did with God's special approval, we may do!"

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The New York Anti-Slavery Fair will be opened on Monday Evening, the 7th of December, at Clinton Hall, Mercantile Library Buildings, Astor Place, at 7 o'clock, and will continue open the two following days.

As but a single day—Monday, the 7th—can be used for the preparation of the Hall, and the arrangement of the Tables, the Committee earnestly request all persons intending to offer articles for the Fair to send them to Clinton Hall, *before noon*, on Monday, the 7th of Dec. And this request is made to friends out of town, as well as in town, who forward their contributions on that day. It is very desirable, however, that friends not resident in the city should send forward their articles at an earlier day, that the Committee may have some understanding as to the quantity and character of the goods to be offered.

To friends in the country the Committee desire particularly to say, that their contributions cannot come in a more desirable and profitable shape than in the produce of their farms. In such times as these there are many persons who will, no doubt, gladly become purchasers, at the Fair, of the necessaries of life, who have not the means for any outlay for the mere gratification of their taste, or the appliances of luxury. These persons the Committee will be glad to supply, and they hope to have it in their power to offer for sale produce of all sorts which housekeepers lay in for winter stores. But they must depend upon their country friends for these, and they, therefore, urge them to give liberally of their abundance, and to remember that their ability to do so is far greater than that of friends in town who are much more affected by the depressing influences of the times, and, therefore, greatly crippled in their resources. This suggestion, it is hoped, will be sufficient to awaken the friends out of town to the fact of how much it depends upon them whether the result of this first Fair, held in New York, under the auspices of the American Anti-Slavery Society, shall be hopeful and cheering or otherwise.

All Produce, Goods, or articles of any sort, that can be bought and sold, and that minister to the necessities or luxuries of life, if forwarded before the 7th of December, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street, New York; if on that day to Clinton Hall.

LECTURES.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that two of the Lecturing Agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Susan B. Anthony and Aaron M. Powell, are now in this vicinity, with the purpose of holding meetings in the Counties about New York, and the nearest points in New Jersey where it shall seem possible to awaken an interest in the anti-slavery cause. Such an announcement, we trust, will meet with a cordial response from the friends and members of the Society scattered about in this section of the country, and that they will evince their hearty co-operation in this measure by, at once, making arrangements to secure the presence of these lecturers in their own neighbourhood, to procure suitable places for their meetings, and arouse such expectation and interest in their coming as shall ensure them a hearty welcome, and a thorough awakening of the whole community. The times, it is thought, are exceedingly propitious for such an enterprise. The result of the late Presidential election; the aggressions of the Slave Power within the last year or two, and those which are now proposed, and hurried on in so despotic, unscrupulous and insolent a spirit, have opened the minds of, at least, a portion of the people to conviction; and the general stagnation of business throughout the country has given leisure to listen to, and reflect upon considerations addressed to their sober judgment and conscience.

The lecturers above-named will be assisted in these meetings, from time to time, by Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Lucy Stone, Rowland Johnson, and the editors of this paper, whenever convenience of access, and their other avocations and duties shall render it possible. There may also be occasional opportunities of pressing into the service other speakers who may casually be in this neighbourhood, which will be taken advantage of.

We earnestly appeal to all our readers in Eastern New Jersey, and in the Counties of this State bordering upon New York, and between this city and Albany to communicate as early as possible with the editors of The Standard in relation to time, place, &c., which will best suit their convenience, and that of their neighbourhood, that the plan of the campaign may at once be perfected. The first meeting of the series was to have been held at Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening of this week, to be addressed by Susan B. Anthony, Antoinette Brown Blackwell, and Oliver Johnson, and others will probably follow it there, and in that immediate vicinity (we cannot speak more definitely as we go to press, this week, a day earlier than usual, that we may be dutifully thankful on Thursday as the Governor bids us). But a beginning being made, no time is to be lost in completing the necessary arrangements for the whole series; and to this end we urge that immediate steps shall be taken in the section of country indicated, and by all who feel that they have a duty and responsibility in relation to American slavery.

THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

We have been favoured with the sheets of the Liberty Bell in advance of publication. Without further remark than may be expressed by the *mot* of Prescott, the historian, on seeing one of the earlier numbers—"though of sandal wood, it is a fire-brand still"—we pass from it to the important subject it suggests; taking from it for a text these two sonnets:

SONNET.

Written for The Liberty Bell, 1844, after seeing the Picture, CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Saviour! Consoler! in Thy Presence bending,
Lo, what a train of mourners round Thee wait!
What earnest prayers from breaking hearts ascending,
Thy blessed help and comfort invocate!
Great as their sorrow, is Thy mercy great!
The youthful mother, weeping for her child—
The murderer, haunted by remorse, too late—
The maniac, tortured by his fancies wild;
And chief the fettered and forsaken slave
Among this crowd of sufferers claims a place;
Stronger than all, *that* claim on Him who gave
His life a ransom for the human race.
When we as mourners, on Thy mercy call,
May we, like Thee, have loved and pitied all!

SONNET.

THE CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR OF ARY SCHEFFER, AND THE AMERICAN EPISCOPAL BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Borne down by many wrongs upon the tide
Of my life's pilgrimage, I entered—where
A mighty priesthood worshipped side by side,
A stately temple, filled with praise and prayer.
To them, beholding, did my heart repair.
"Bless and console me!" in my grief I cried.
They coldly asked me "if my face were fair?
By wealth and greatness earthly-glorified?"
And each a shining volume opened wide
Before me; and the page doth seem to hear
Their God and Saviour for mankind who died—
Their great Redeemer—but no slave is there!
"Down! devil in disguise!" I cried; "thou liest,
"Thou curse of Christendom—the tyrant's Christ!"

There is no need to say, for the sake of the facts alone, so universally are they known, that the Episcopal Church of the United States of America has been the wealthiest and the weightiest, if not actually the most numerous, ecclesiastical body in the land; by its origin and affinities with the Anglican Church, the most nearly resembling an establishment; and claiming, like its British predecessor, to be, in a peculiar sense, the very pillar and ground of the truth. Its Bishops and clergy have received, in large measure, the consideration due to their claim of Apostolic Succession, as well as that belonging to men in the world's foremost ranks for piety, integrity and cultivation.

But we have mentioned these things as landmarks from which, in the retreating tide of public morals and religion, the American Episcopal Church has fallen away. Its piety and its integrity, its morals and its culture, are now trodden under foot by slavery; like salt that has lost its savour, good for nothing else from henceforth but to be trodden under foot of men, until repentance shall restore their saving qualities. It is for this consummation that every true Christian and every true Churchman earnestly strives.

A very few words will show the present position of the American Episcopal Church. It has ceased to be, as expressed in the xix. article, "a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached." It is a slaveholding Church. Its members, North and South, trade in slaves and the souls of men with the same ardour that made Babylon a byword. They flog women, sell babes from their mothers' bosoms, betray the fugitive back to bondage, build their houses by this iniquity and their chambers by this wrong; and go on giving, more and more emphatically, the sanctions of Christianity and Episcopacy to all the traffic and torture of slavery, and to all the blasphemy and political intrigue which sustain it as a component part of American Church and State—American politics and religion.

In 1789, the General Convention, "in the exercise of that *glorious Liberty wherewith* Christ *had made them free,*" altered the book of Common Prayer in obedience to "the exigencies of the times." Those were the times of the definition of human rights, of the declaration of national Independence and of the breaking of a foreign yoke; and they necessarily exacted that there should be no contradiction between men's labours and their prayers; and in conformity with "exigencies" thus in harmony with the requirements of a religion which enjoins the breaking of *every* yoke, and letting the oppressed go free, was the Book of Common Prayer amended for American use.

But the successors of the men of '89 have fallen on those most evil times and terrible occasions that exact baseness and entail dishonour. The fathers, in their alterations of the Book of Common Prayer, were able to appeal to the example of the mother-Church; for *they* dealt only with forms and usages, keeping the substance of the faith entire. Having brought their important work to a conclusion, *they* could hope the whole would be "received and examined by every true member of our Church and every true Christian, with a meek, candid and charitable frame of mind; without prejudice or prepossessions; seriously considering *what Christianity is*, and *what the truths of the Gospel are;* and earnestly beseeching Almighty God to accompany with his blessing every endeavour for promulgating them to mankind in the clearest, plainest, most affecting and majestic manner, for the sake of Jesus Christ, *our blessed Lord and Saviour.*" The sons have forfeited every such hope in the work they have begun, of subjecting the Church to plantation-discipline, and degrading the Bishops to satisfy the overseers. "Substance of the Faith," "Doctrine," "Worship," are all given up, at the master's bribe, to the dishonour of the driver's whip.

We appeal to the Anglican Church. Let *her* whole liturgy be witness—prayers, sacraments, psalms, homilies, collects, articles, communion, commination—that they in whose name have been sent out over the whole Southern country, hundreds of thousands of copies of a shameful travesty of the Christian Religion, in connection with the solemn services of the Church, are no true Christian Bishops, watching for souls, as those who must give an account, but are casting contempt on their God and his Word, and crucifying their Lord afresh. Let every British son of "that proud old mother of us all," comfort alike her disgraced and her enslaved children, by declaring to the world that this infamous substitution of the will of the slaveholder for the glorious Liberty wherewith Christ makes free, is an insult and an outrage to *her* "clearest, plainest, most affecting and majestic manner" of promulgating this glorious Gospel.

And, while openly denouncing slavery, for the honour of his religion, let every true Christian Churchman the world over bethink him, for the honour of his Church, of the "much to be wished" restoration of the discipline of the xxxiii. article of his faith: for a world's solemn commination is being pronounced, against all who uphold slavery, nation after nation taking up the service; "to the intent that being admonished of the great indignation of God against sinners, ye may the rather be moved to earnest and true repentance; and walk more warily in these dangerous days; fleeing from such vices for which ye affirm with your own mouths the curse of God to be due."

Neal Dow, in his address at the public reception given to him in Boston, said he went to England believing that the ministry and church members were inclined to support the prohibitive principle, but he had found most of them kept aloof from the movement, and some were even bitterly opposed to it. The Friends were there very powerful and influential. For some reason they had held aloof; but within a single year they had changed in this respect, and were lending themselves to the movement with all their great power. Men in high social positions too, were beginning to see, of how much importance this question was to the physical power of the nation. It concerned the English people to an extent of not less than £100,000,000 per year, or £120,000,000.

Susan B. Anthony, in a letter to *The Bugle*, giving an account of an anti-slavery Convention at Painesville, Ohio, says:

"The widow and one of the daughters of that devoted friend of the slave, N. P. Rogers, resides at Painesville—and gave 'old fashioned anti slavery,' as Mrs. French termed it, a cordial welcome. It was an inexpressible pleasure to me, to have this opportunity of seeing these relatives of the departed Rogers in their own home."

THE CONQUEST OF KANSAS.

We are soon to have another instance of the Manifest Destiny of the Country put upon the record of History. For whether it be the Manifest Destiny of all the neighbouring countries, suitable for Slave Labour, to be swallowed up by us, sooner or later, there can be no question as to the Fate, or its Manifest Nature, of the Free States to be devoured by the Slave Power. The devilish Machiavelism of Slavery was never more clearly put forth than in its policy with regard to Kansas. This only, to be sure, because it is the last example. It has been displayed in an equally unmistakable manner in all its previous encounters with the Free element of the nation. Only it had not fully learned its strength in the days of the Missouri Compromise, or even of the Annexation of Texas. Perhaps, however, its day was then according to its strength, as it is now, only its vigour has grown by exercise and opportunity since those days of small things. Then it was necessary to cog and swindle and lie, and to approach to its design by a long and artfully prepared system of manœuvres; whereas now it marches boldly up to its victory, putting its heel upon whatever of protection laws, or constitutions, or compacts, have interposed in behalf of the paltry pretence of fair play provided as the cover of the preconcerted and pre-ordained villanies of the National policy.

That it has been the deliberate purpose of the Administration of Buchanan, as it was that of Pierce, to make Kansas a Slave State, as an acceptable offering to the Power whose creatures they are, no intelligent man who has kept his eye upon the progress of events there can doubt or deny. The plot has been carried through with the most consummate skill and adroitness. The Free State men have been outwitted at every crisis of the game, and outgeneralled at every turn of the battle. They have been made to forsake their well-considered line of action and to do precisely what would enure to the advantage of their adversaries. So that now they have scarcely the right of revolution to fall back upon—were they so minded—so deftly have they been cheated out of their birthright. They have themselves stooped the neck to the yoke, and with their own hands rivetted the fetters upon their own limbs, so as to be robbed even of the poor consolation of honest complaint. They went into the game, with the full knowledge that their opponents were unscrupulous knaves and cheats, in the faith that their honesty would be more than a match for them, and they have no great claim to sympathy or pity now that they are turned out of the gaming-house stripped at once of the stake and of their character for straighforwardness and consistency. They knew that numbers had been of no account when slavery was the matter in question, and yet they put its decision again to the arbitrament of the polls. They knew that the judges of the elections were their enemies and the creatures of their enemies, and yet they consented to place their destinies in their hands, filled as they were with bribes and all uncleanness.

We have all along regarded the fate of Kansas as a foregone conclusion—as an event which was fixed by the overruling Power which controls our destinies. We have never faltered in our faith that she would be made a Slave State in despite of "popular sovereignty"—or rather by reason of it—as the sovereignty of the people has long ceased to mean anything else than the supremacy of the Slavocracy. The whole course of the transaction has been marked by the unprincipled ability and the lying skill which has always distinguished the policy of the Slave Power. First of all, Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett denied the physical possibility of Slavery even entering into a region so far removed from its natural abode. The pro-slavery panders of all parties took up this cry and have maintained it to this day. Then it was said there was no possibility of the actual settlers in such a country being in favour of making it a Slave State. The question would settle itself as soon as the inhabitants came together to express their pleasure in the premises. And so it would had not the wily foe provided for this emergency by the invasion of the Territory by a horde of miscreants from over the river, who came in and elected a Legislature and made a Constitution more pro-slavery than any Slave State had yet ventured upon. This government and its acts, thus outrageously forced upon the people, the Supreme Government recognise as the valid law of the land and enforce obedience to them at the cannon's mouth and at the edge of the sabre. Thus the entire physical force of the nation was invoked to compel the vast majority of the inhabitants to submit to institutions which they detested as hostile to their own best social and material interests.

The next position taken up by the Free State men was one absolutely impregnable, and which they could have maintained had they been so minded. They at first, and for long, refused to acknowledge the acts of this tyranny thus imposed upon them in word or deed. They would not act under it, or admit its laws to be of any binding force, and they organized a Government and framed a Constitution such as represented the minds of the majority of the inhabitants. This was treated as rebellion, of course, and a system of terrorism initiated with a view of frightening them into submission. After a long struggle in the Territory and in Congress, a wiser, or a more crafty, course was adopted by the pro-slavery agents of the General Government. A new Legislature was to be elected, so that the *bonâ fide* inhabitants might decide who should frame their institutions, and what they should be. This was the lying pretence. But it was to be done by the action of the usurping power, and the officers to preside over the elections and to pass upon them in the first instance, were to be appointed by the pro-slavery powers predominant over the Territory. Then all influences were brought to bear upon the inhabitants of the Territory to prevail upon them to take part in the elections and thus make themselves responsible for the results. And in this work the Pro-Slavery party found but too ready assistance from honest friends of Kansas, perhaps, but too sanguine to be wise.

Thus prevailed upon, they went into the election, and the result was such as the nature of things made necessary and inevitable. The Border Ruffians were all ready to step in and repeat the lesson they had so well learnt before, and the new Legislature was constituted exactly according to the will and pleasure of Slavery, and of Buchanan, its Prophet and its Priest. In Johnson County, two thousand votes were cast in a precinct containing honestly about a tithe of that number. The soldiers who occupied the land for the clear purpose of protecting Border Ruffianism and overawing the Free State men were permitted and urged by Gov. Walker to vote, in direct violation of the express laws of the land. By these and other fraudulent and illegal practices, a working majority in both Houses of the Territorial Legislature was obtained—which was all that was necessary to complete success. It is true, indeed, that Gov. Walker and his Secretary, Stanton, had decency and self-respect enough to disallow the Johnson returns and thus to destroy the fraudulent majority in the Legislature and to give the control of it to the Free State men. But whether this was the result of an honest sense of duty, as we are desirous of believing it to be, or of an apprehension of a popular outbreak, which this action of theirs might defeat, we cannot say. But the manner in which it has been received at Washington and in the South by the Slaveholders and their tools, is eloquent of their feelings and their designs. Though not daring to remove Gov. Walker on the instant, they make no secret of their disapprobation of his course in anticipating the action of the Legislature as the sole judge of disputed returns—which would, of course, have allowed whatever was necessary to their own partisan predominance.

Then followed the atrocious action of the Constitutional Convention, of which we spoke at large in our last number. The great art of the Slavocracy always has consisted in getting the letter of the law on their side—knowing well the slowness of men bred in the habits of Northern self-control to rise against established authority. Having obtained, by fraud and violence, a Convention to the mind of Slavery, it proceeded, as we have shown, to settle the institutions of the new State on the corner-stone of Republican Institutions. To allay the dreaded fever of excitement and to give men's minds a season of rest, the cheatery of a reference of the Slavery question to the people was invented, which would fasten chains around their necks if decided in favour of Slavery and would not unloose them if they pronounced the other way. But there can be no doubt as to the way in which the vote will stand. The Governor appointed by the United States being virtually removed, and the President of the Convention appointed Regent in his stead, there is nothing to hinder the Missouri Ruffians from again crossing the Border, and there certainly will be nothing to prevent their votes from being counted as true and legal ones.

In the meantime, another tub is thrown to the enraged leviathan in the troubled waters of Kansas politics, by the allowance of the election of the Free State Delegate to Congress. As the delegate from a Territory has no vote, it is, to all practical purposes, perfectly immaterial who or what he may be. He cannot influence the action of Congress in the estimation of a hair, though he might speak with the tongue of men and angels, and in a few months he will be replaced by two pro-slavery Senators and a voting Member in the House. The main thing is to obtain a working majority in the two Houses ready to do whatever Slavery asks. They are the powers that are to mould the shape of the institutions of the future State, and the destiny of Kansas for many years rests with them. As it now stands, and as, we believe, it will continue to stand, Slavery has all it needs in both branches of the National Legislature. We have no faith in virtuous Buchanan Democrats. Slavery does not demand triumphant majorities. All it asks is just enough to give it the sanction of law, and this it always has had and always will have. Texas, it will be remembered, came in by a single vote—but that vote was as potential as if it had been a million for the settling of the question and the getting up of the precedent. So here, a majority of one in the Senate, and of two or three in the Lower House, is all that is necessary to settle the fate of Kansas for as long a time as Slavery endures anywhere in the country. And by going into the election, and thus admitting the validity of the Government that cheated and controlled it, the Free State men have disarmed themselves of that right of revolutionary resistance to which they have threatened to appeal, in case Slavery should be forced upon them by Missouri and the South. Had they been in earnest in these threats they would have mightily prevailed. For the United States is the feeblest of all powers when brought face to face even with the weakest of Territories, as its conflict with the Mormons in Utah will very soon show. But they were not, and, after a due quantity of breath has been expended, they will succumb quietly to their fate, and Kansas, like Texas, will be a tale of yesterday.

MAKING PROGRESS.

Those of our readers who were present at the World's—or, more properly speaking, *Half* World's—Temperance Convention, held in this city in 1853, have not forgotten how one session of that Convention was broken up in a row by clerical champions of Temperance, in order to prevent a *woman*—the Rev. Antoinette L. Brown—a regularly accredited delegate, from making a speech. The President (Neal Dow) had declared her to be in order, and his decision had been duly ratified by a vote of the Convention; but clerical ruffians, in the glossiest of black coats, with their necks enveloped in lawn of saintly whiteness, set themselves to thumping with their heels and canes to drown her voice; and so vigorously did they ply their new vocation, that the President was at last worried into submission to their wishes. One of the leaders of the clerical party on that occasion, and one who connived at this ruffianism if he did not openly participate therein, was the Rev. Dr. Marsh, Secretary of the American Temperance Union. Four years of reflection, however, have worked such a change in the Doctor's sentiments that he no longer deems it necessary to turn a Temperance Convention into a miniature Bedlam in order to get rid of a woman. We have before us the proceedings of "The North American Temperance Convention," held at Chicago on the 10th, 11th and 12th of the present month. Delegates were present from eleven States, and among them were many of the most influential friends of the cause. The committee to nominate officers consisted of seven persons, of whom at least three were clergymen. They nominated for President the Rev. John Marsh, D.D., of New York, and for one of three Secretaries *Miss E. C. Wright*, a well known Temperance lecturer of Pennsylvania. One of the two other persons nominated for Secretaries and two of the eight Vice-Presidents were clergymen, but not one of the clerical gentlemen made the slightest objection to serving the Convention in company with a female Secretary. Dr. Marsh took the chair without the slighest apparent twinge of conscience or scruple of propriety, and the Rev. T. H. Jacokes, of Michigan, manifested no reluctance in taking a seat at the Secretaries' table by the side of his female collegue. The proportion of clerical delegates, moreover, was unusually large, but not one of them protested against the "sin and shame" of disregarding the injunctions of Paul. Nor is this all. Among the resolutions adopted was the following, introduced by the Rev. Mr. Smart, of Michigan, recommending the intermixture of "men, women and children" in Temperance Societies, to be formed "in connection with the various religious congregations of the country":

Resolved, That we recommend the formation of Temperance Societies in connection with the various religious congregations in this country, wherever practicable, whose membership shall consist of all the men, women and children who will subscribe to the principles adopted by this Convention, and that they hold union meetings for the promotion of the cause of Temperance alternately at their respective Churches, at least, as often as once in three months.

It is recorded that "this resolution was supported by the mover (the Rev. Mr. Smart) and *Miss Carrie D. Filkins*, editress of *The Western Olive Branch*"; and the record further says, "The speech of Miss Filkins was one of the best delivered during the session of the Convention. It was received with warm demonstrations of pleasure." What a contrast to the "demonstrations" in Metropolitan Hall, in 1853, when Antoinette Brown sought a hearing on the same great question! And what a change in public opinion since 1840, when the clerical members of the American Anti-Slavery Society, under the lead of Mr. Lewie Tappan, went off in a tempest of "evangelical" wrath because the Society had appointed a woman to serve upon a Committee! Who will deny that the world moves?

Hitherto the admission of women to Reform Conventions has been denounced by the religious press as an "infidel" measure, designed to bring religion into contempt. But the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Methodist) claims that the Chicago Convention was pervaded by a spirit of reverence not only for religion but for the Church. It says:

"The Convention evidently relied upon and appreciated the power and responsibility of the Church of God. It was conceded that the great centre of moral power was there. It was, also, evidently, the deep conviction of all, or nearly so, that 'except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.' This we hail as a hopeful augury. The nation is sick of atheistic reform! Temperance men allowed infidels to lead them—they now see and deplore the error. Anti-slavery men must learn the same lesson. The Bible is the grand store-house of reform arguments—the grand armory of reform weapons—and God must be the acknowledged leader."

"The nation sick of atheistic reform," forsooth! Is it not true rather that the clergy, being "sick" of the effort to resist reform by denouncing reformers as infidels and atheists, and finding that such resistance on their part only serves to undermine their own position as religious guides and teachers, have concluded that it is policy to try the other tack, and endeavour, by winning the confidence of reformers, to keep reforms in due subordination to the Church? Those who deserve either the name of "temperance men" or "anti-slavery men" have been too earnestly devoted to the cause to think much about leaders, and too sensible to repel anybody who sought in good faith to coöperate with them. If the Orthodox Churches, claiming to be the special friends of "the Bible, the grand store-house of reform arguments," have yet, in works of practical reform, been behind those whom they denounce as infidels and atheists, it is hardly becoming in them to boast of their religion. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Not those who cry, "Lord, Lord," but those who do the works and exhibit the spirit of Christ, are his disciples.

Agents.—We learn from *The Bugle* that Benjamin S. and J. Elizabeth Jones, of Salem, Ohio, have already commenced their labours as agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society. They will spend two weeks in the eastern part of Columbiana Co., Ohio, and the adjoining portion of Pennsylvania, after which they will proceed to the Western Reserve. Truly does *The Bugle* say: "They are most eloquent and effective speakers, thoroughly acquainted with every phase of the subject, and long known, both East and West, for their devoted and valuable labours

on behalf of the slave. Their experience and superior qualifications will render their welcome advocates of his cause, wherever it has hearty and uncompromising friends."

Charles L. and Sarah P. Remond are now in Cincinnati. They will soon set their faces toward the East, lecturing at New Brighton, Pittsburg, and Harrisburg, Pa., on their way.

Susan B. Anthony has already entered upon a campaign of labor in the region around New York, and will soon be followed by Mr. Powell.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

We have before us in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, the proceedings of the Convention of ministers and members of the Methodist Protestant (not Episcopal) Church, lately held in that city. That Church consists of several Annual Conferences—some at the North and some at the South—and is one General Conference, which meets once in four years. The next session of this Conference, it seems, is appointed to be held at Lynchburg, Va. The anti-slavery sentiment in the Northern Conferences having grown very strong, it was deemed necessary to have a thorough discussion of this Discipline which are understood to involve slavery, and the prospect of effecting such change in the General Conference sitting in a slave State being very doubtful at the best, there was a difference of opinion among North as to the course best to be pursued; some inclining to meeting their Southern brethren in that Conference at all and in favour of an immediate separation, while others thought it best to go to Lynchburg in person, and make one more effort to procure the desired reform; and make one more effort to procure the desired reform; under all circumstances the Convention at Cincinnati was called for mutual consultation, and, if possible, to unite for mutual consultation, and, if possible, to unite for mutual consultation, and, if possible, to unite

Miscellaneous Department.

THE LITTLE ABOLITIONIST.

[By the Author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave."]

"COME in, child, don't be playing out there with them flowers so long. You'll get cold and be sick. The dew is falling; and see, your hair is wet with it. Lord! now I know you will be sick. And maybe you'll die, and then what will become of me?"

So saying, the stout mulatto woman, in turban and white apron, snatched up her foster-child and entered the pretty little cabin in front of which the little girl had been playing.

"No, mammy, I want to go out again and look at the pretty stars, and see them come out from behind the blue curtains where they have been hid all day."

"You can see the stars through the window, baby."

"No, I can't; it is too warm in here. I want to be out, where it is cool and wide."

"Now, baby, what do you mean by its being wide? You allers talks so funny."

"Why, mammy, when it is wide, I can breathe. I have room. I don't like a house—it shuts me in. I want to go out and get my breath. Out doors is better than the house."

"Well, now, baby, you are a strange child. I heard master say you wasn't like other children, and 'pon my soul, I don't believe you are; but you loves yaller mammy, don't you?"

And she caught the child warmly to her breast.

"Yes, I love you, mammy, better than I love anybody else. But why don't you let me do what I want to? You are getting to do as others do; you make me act your way. I want to do my own, and I mean to." So saying, the little lady tossed her head quite defiantly, and compressed her baby-lips with an air of determination.

"Lor' bless you, child, you *want to be free!*" (and the mulatto sighed). "That is what I have been wanting for these many days and years. It is this living as other people say that presses so hard on my heart—and so baby wants freedom too."

"Why, mammy, can't you do as you want to; aint you *free?*"

"No, indeed, child;" and the woman all but groaned aloud.

The child rushed up to her and flung her arms around her neck, bent her young head over the rude form of the nurse, till her shower of nut-brown curls swept the copper-cheek of the woman.

"Why, mammy, can't you go where you please? Who stops you?"

"Oh, Sally, I belong to your father. I did belong to your mother before she married your father, and now, as she is dead, I belong to you."

"*To me!*" exclaimed the child.

"Yes, dearie, to you;" and the woman gave a mournful glance, as she looked at the baby-form beside her, and then at her own matured proportions, and then reflected that they were but the goods, the property, of that dainty child.

"Well, that *is* funny," said Sally. "Why, I'll let you do as you please; be free, if you want to; there is the door, mammy; go where and when you wish."

And this child of eleven summers—this dainty southern blossom—flung out her arm with the air of command as she bade a human soul pass through the low door-way of the cabin to liberty and the pursuit of happiness. She was as generous as the "Constitution of the United States." By-and-bye we will see if, with the advancement of years, she becomes as much drugged with "compromises."

The woman looked up at the child, whilst a strange surprise filled her face—it glinted from her eyes and curved in smiles round the broad lips, and wrote strange characters on the copperas face.

"Why don't you *be* free, mammy?" and the little lady laughed.

"Because I haven't got my papers."

"What papers?"

"Free papers, to be sure, child."

"What kind of papers are free papers?"

"Why, now, you see, baby (I calls you baby because I nursed you; by-and-bye, I'll call you missis), I belong to you, and when you are a woman, if you want to make me free, you must write it down on a bit of paper, and then give it to the court—the judge, or some of them lawyers, and so I am made free."

"And then can you do as you please?"

"Yes, indeed, baby."

"And would you be happy, mammy?"

"Yes, indeed, child."

"Well, give me the paper and pen; *I can* write. I'll do it now, right off, mammy, and make you happy."

And the child's face was all ablaze with love.

"But you ain't old enough, baby. Wait till you are. The law wouldn't let you do it now."

"What law has a right to make you and me unhappy, for I am not happy, dear mammy, when you are not. What do you mean by the law? I don't know anything about the law. I don't care anything about it. I hate it, if it won't let me make you happy. What is it for?"

Aye, there's the question, child-philosopher. *What is it for*—but to make oppression bitterer—to sadden your young brow—and tie up, with false purpose, your innocent hands that fain would do a just deed. Looking into her pure heart, that simple child read no law but that of human love and Universal Freedom—*that* was the Law which God wrote there!

Liberty is a natural sentiment—it is a genuine growth of pure hearts and minds. Childhood recognises it. By-and-bye people become corrupted by these same written laws, and purity of soul, truth of nature, become overlaid with false teachings and pernicious preachments.

The child's brow was saddened for awhile—the mulatto was grave and silent; both were busy with new reflections.

Sally walked to the window and looked up to the grand stars that were "paving the floor of heaven" with splendid promise! The cool night air, just sprinkled with dew, played over her brow. She leant from the window, and a strange expression was written on her face. The result of that half-hour told long afterward upon her life. She began in that moment *to think*; the tooth of inquiry gnawed at the vitality of mind and never afterward could she escape its power and its torture.

Some people grow old in a moment—in a day. Then childhood seems to pass, in a sudden wrench, from them: and they spring—Minerva-like—into the arena of existence, armed at every point to do fearful execution. The play-house and the doll cease to interest, for the calm of soul is broken. A seed of thought is planted, and from it—almost in a night—blossoms purpose and intention.

All that night, when Sally lay in her little bed, she pondered upon *Freedom*—mammy's freedom. This child loved *to do as she pleased* (her definition of freedom) so well, and, being naturally of a just and upright mind, she respected the sentiment in another. She was too young for caste or colour to affect her. Left to the guidance of her old coloured nurse, she never had her impulses checked, or her disposition moulded. Old honest Nature did her own work on her own plan.

Sally Morton belonged to a proud, conservative family. Her ancestry ran far back into dim ages. The coat-of-arms was graven on the family plate; and old stories of heroism and knightly daring, legends and traditions of the early family, formed the entertainment for the winter's fireside. Her father, a brave and chivalrous man, died, as did her mother, in Sally's first babyhood. There came to her memory no sweet, mild face of mother—no proud caress of father. She heard of them only through mammy, whose tongue was never weary of recounting their praises. Of evenings, when Sally sat beside her in the cottage, she would expatiate upon the exceeding beauty of Mrs. Morton, whom she called "mistress," and upon the prowess of her handsome master. Sally listened with eager ear and staring eye, always glad to hear, but wondering in her secret soul how Death could be so cruel as to deprive her of such beautiful and dear friends.

Sally had a number of aunts and uncles, and a kind grand-parent; but she preferred to remain with her foster-mother (Aunt Betty, as the other children called her—but Sally's mammy), for she had been kind to her. From her maternal breast Sally drew the sustenance of life; in her arms, for years, she slept, and was lulled by her songs to dreams as sweet as ever waited on more tuneful lullabies. The child loved her coloured nurse. She was mother, friend and playmate to her. From her never came the harsh word or menace. And to the eyes of the confiding child, the mongrel features of the mulatto and the tawny complexion were expressions of beauty, for she dived down to the kindling soul and the gushing heart.

It was mammy who made the best pies and cakes, and cut the prettiest doll-dresses. It was she who ran the swiftest race, and told the best story, and so in her sweet and touching confidence she laid down to pleasant sleep, folded in those yellow arms!

Sally went often of days to the fine houses of her aunts and played with her rich cousins, but when night came, she begged to be carried back to the cabin, where she might sleep with mammy.

Thus matters moved on until she was nine years old, when her aunt, Mrs. Manners, thought that the child required higher social influences and the advantages of education. So she insisted upon Sally's removal to her house. To this Sally brought all the rebellion of her forcible nature, consenting to go to school, but insisting that she *must* come home of a night to mammy; for a while this was permitted, but gradually Mrs. Manners gained more influence over her wayward niece, and at length induced her to become an inmate of her own family.

When we saw her at the commencement of this story she had come to her mammy on a Saturday visit. The sight of the child gladdened Aunt Betty's heart, and "warmed the very sickness in her soul." She had seen her own children, one by one, sold away from her. They had gone to that horrible "down-the-river" which is the terror of terrors to a slave. The rice fields, sugar and cotton plantations of the far South held those children under their stern rule and cutting lash. And this desolate and bereaved mother had nothing left to love but the daughter of her mistress. All the gushing fondness of her heart went out upon the child, and swathed her in a sea of love. This devoted affection was warmly returned, for Sally was as wild and impulsive a creature as ever warmed and made glad this cold earth of ours. She was wilful, bold and forward; quick to redress an imagined wrong, but as forgiving as mercy itself. She was what her uncle termed "plucky and ready at a fight." Many times had her little lady-hands been doubled up in an awkward fisticuff, to the horror of her aristocratic cousins. All the country round-about knew Sally—her queer speeches, her threats, her defiant manner had been talked of by all the gossips of the village and neighbourhood. She was known as the remarkable child—good at everything, particularly a fight—a very hoyden—with kindling blood, reckless spirit, and proud, defiant soul. With a keen, natural sense of justice, she allowed others what she claimed for herself. Hence, when she occasionally went to the homestead—her grandfather's house—if she had a quarrel with one of the slave children, she settled the matter after her own fashion, and never went to her grandfather with complaint. Oftentimes she came off badly in these affrays; but she bore her bruises patiently, remembering that she had stricken as hard blows as her strength would permit. She climbed fruit trees, ran races and took particular pride in riding a horse without saddle. Her aunts would look at her in dismay; but she had a little, loving way of stealing up behind them, flinging her arms round their necks, and kissing them with such honest, hearty warmth, that their hearts forgave her, and half-admired her bold and independent spirit.

She fought stoutly against the restraint of the school-room. Her recitations were always imperfect. She played the very mischief with grammar, fretted her teacher, annoyed her studious cousins, and sat idly gaping over her books during study hours. Miss Templeton chided her when she sat listlessly gazing out, with her large, gray eyes, into empty space, and her little fingers playing indifferently with the pages of her book. But the child's heart and mind were elsewhere. She could not control her earnest, active temperament, nor bind down her buoyant spirit to the tame routine of the dull daily study. She longed rather to be busy with out-door life, and quick exercised. Yet, undisciplined as she was, there was no want of mental power. She was only impatient of control, abhorrent of rule and defiant of order.

Clara Manners went home with daily complaints to her mother that Sally was a num-skull, a stupid, never knew her lessons and was constantly mortifying her. "Why, mother," exclaimed the proud, indignant girl, "I wish Sally was not my cousin. I am so ashamed of her stupidity. I beg her to apply herself, but she won't; she sits at her desk half the time with her book upside down. And then she makes such fearful mistakes at recitation."

"She is a peculiar child," replied Mrs. Manners, "not at all like our family. I think she must get her stupidity from her mother's side. I think I have heard that Mr. Old's children were dull. Sally's mother was simply a spoiled beauty, nothing more; but then her father was strong. I am sorry she did not inherit his mental qualifications as well as his personal traits. She looks like him and is marked by his force of character and intensity of feeling."

"But, mother, how much she stays in the kitchen and plays with negro children. I think she has quite their bluntness of manner and rudeness of speech. I wish you would speak to her of these things."

Just then Sally burst into the room—her face blazing and her eyes staring widely open—followed by little Tom Manners screaming and crying most furiously.

"What is the matter, Tommy?" exclaimed the startled mother and sister.

"She, she, she," was all that the bellowing child could articulate audibly, as he pointed toward Sally!

"Oh, I've pumbled him well, I guess he won't soon forget the basting I gave him," replied Sally, as Mrs. Manners and Clara looked inquiringly toward her. "You see, aunt, he was whipping little black Bill. I asked the reason, and it was all because Bill didn't get out of the way of his rocking-horse. Bill was not in fault. I told Tommy to let him alone; but seeing he was going to be cruel, I just pitched in and made a free fight of it," and the child skipped about the room in a gleesome manner. Mrs. Manners and Clara regarded her in blank astonishment.

"Now, mother, this *is* a specimen of her behaviour. Did you ever hear such language?"

"Oh, Tommy! hush, boy! you are not hurt badly, are you?" and Sally ran encouragingly up to him and put her arm round him. "Come, boy; come, I didn't mean to hurt you—only teach you a lesson."

"And what sort of lesson did you teach him, Miss Morton?" inquired her aunt.

Sally looked up surprised at the stiffness of the address.

"Why, not to fight when he is in the wrong, else he will get beaten, as he did in this case."

"Sally Morton, have you no sense of propriety that you behave thus? But, of course, all this comes from living with your old coloured nurse so long. You should have been taken away earlier and these unlady-like scenes would not occur."

"What do you mean, aunt, by unlady-like? Is it the part of a lady to stand by and see a poor little boy unjustly whipped by another twice his size? if that is being a lady, I never intend to be one, for I always mean to pumble a big boy when he whips a little one unjustly."

"'Pumble'!! Mother, did you ever hear such a word?" said Clara in horror.

"Why, Clara, don't you know what pumble is?" asked Sally, innocently; "but I forget, you never romp and play, but are always studying your books."

"It would be better for you, Sally, if you studied more and romped and played less," said her aunt, in a haughty tone, as she led away her son, followed by Clara, who cast cold, contemptuous glances at her cousin as she left the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE next Monday, when Sally left her good old nurse, and went to school, she was more than usually dull. She never thought of books, of studies, of fine lessons. All her mind was with her mammy. She thought, with a sigh, how the poor slave longed for freedom.

There and then, in her own odd way, she began to reflect upon life, circumstance and condition; then *slave*—that horrid word—came up to her mind and asked to be defined. Through how many curious, quaint and grotesque evolutions it passed we will not pretend to say. But, like any other true and natural mind, by the simplest ratiocination she came to the conclusion that slavery was wrong, very wrong, and that no one should submit to it. This great thought fired her mind and filled her with a new glory. Her recitations were worse than ever. But she did not heed the word of reproof, the frown of displeasure, or tone and glance of contempt. Other and better things were filling her soul.

All that day she was thoughtful and vacant in manner. She gave strange answers to direct questions; and tears would steal into her eyes, which she impatiently cast aside. She did not play as usual, but walked moodily along. A weight had fallen upon her light spirit and held it down. And once, when Clara was walking near, she heard her say, "I wish people were free like the wind; it blows where it pleases and nobody checks it."

A few days after, when Sally went to visit her grandfather, she drew an ottoman close to his feet, and, seating herself upon it, asked,

"Grandfather, why are the black people all slaves? Why ain't they free?"

Mr. Morton started in a sudden surprise at the question. "Why do you ask, child?"

"Because I want to know," was the direct answer.

"Well, then, because God made them so."

"Why did he do it; it was not right?"

"Child, child! never let me hear you speak so very irreverently. You should not question the Divine Purpose. It is wrong."

"I don't believe God made them to be slaves any more than he made white people for slaves. And it is not fair to keep them so."

"Where did you hear this wicked talk, Sally?"

"I never heard it anywhere, grandfather. I believe God whispered it to me."

"How strangely you talk, child." Mr. Morton looked at her with curiosity, as if he feared all was not well with her reason; but Sally's eyes were clear and penetrative, and returned his glance with an honest gaze.

Just then, Miss Emily Morton, Sally's unmarried aunt and a young lady distinguished for her social triumphs and fashionable distinction, entered the room, rustling in silk and lace.

When her father repeated the conversation to her, she remarked,

"The child is silly and very vulgar. Clara Manners says she is stupid at school; and I believe she is a little wrong in her mind. Certainly, she is quite deficient in talent, for she has no ear for music, and at the dancing-school is considered particularly awkward."

"Yes, but, Emily, she has been thought by all the neighbours very brilliant; her bright speeches are treasured up."

"Yes, but, father, a fool *sometimes* says smart things. I don't think the child is right."

"You tell a story," said Sally, in an impetuous manner, "I am not a fool, and nobody shall call me one. I don't like you, aunt Emily, for saying that; because you know you don't think so. I don't love books. I don't like to sit in school with my limbs confined. I want to run and romp and be *free*, just as everybody ought to be. But I am no fool, and I don't mean to let anybody call me so."

"There is her father's pluck," said Mr. Morton. "She'll defend herself quick enough."

"But, father," said Miss Emily, "I wish to speak to you about another matter. I think Ruth is growing very saucy and unruly. I think we have more servants about the place than is necessary; and as Mrs. McWilliam wishes to hire her, if you are quite willing, I am sure we can spare her from the house. Besides, it will teach her a good lesson. She'll know the value of home after trying a more severe place."

"Well, I'm sure," replied Mr. Morton, "if you think she can be spared, I have no objection, especially as we have been living fast lately and have more slaves about the place than is required—I am growing now, in my old days, quite tired of such a crew of black blood about me. When I was in my prime, it was well enough, but now it is troublesome. Besides, I don't think Gowdy manages them well. They seem to complain more than they used to; are not happy; I don't hear them singing at their work as of old. The field-hands look jaded and discontented. It can't be that they are over worked or illy fed."

The old man was talking to himself, for Miss Emily had glided from the room, after the first few words—but Sally still sat at his feet, drinking in every word.

"Grandfather, maybe these poor people are unhappy because they want their freedom. I would n't like to belong to anybody."

"Nonsense, child, they *are* happy—don't I give orders for them to be well fed and clothed and not worked too much? And haven't they good, comfortable beds to sleep in? And I allow them sugar in their coffee and butter upon their bread, luxuries which very few slaves in Kentucky are allowed."

"Yes, but, grandfather, I'd rather have no butter on my bread and no sugar in my coffee than be a slave. I'd rather own myself, be as free as the idle wind, than be a slave in the finest house, wear the nicest clothes and feed upon the greatest delicacies."

"Yes, but, my child, you are a little bird, a sort of squirrel that has gone skipping through your few days with nobody to stop you."

"Well, what I like everybody likes—what I have everybody *ought* to have. Why, grandfather, everything loves to be free. My cage-bird looked so anxiously toward the green wood that I opened the cage door and it flapped its wings and flew off. Since then I have never caught another. I am sure if the slaves had wings, they'd fly away too. I am sure I would."

Mr. Morton stroked the child's hair affectionately, he drew her to him, and looked earnestly into the depths of her restless eyes.

"So like your father," he murmured. "So like my brave, proud son—such indomitable self-possession—such iron strength of will—such self-hood—poor child"—then, as if returning from this soliloquy, he added, "Sally, my pet, don't think any more of these things, they will trouble you as they have troubled many other minds—and above all, say nothing of this in the hearing of the servants."

And without waiting for an answer he left the room. The child sat in a dreamy attitude near an uncurtained window, through which a flood of sunshine swept and enwrapt her form in golden light. She was absorbed in deep and evidently painful thought, and a strange expression stole from her fixed and wide-open eyes, while her cheek paled and flushed as she sat motionless as a statue. Presently a sudden cry reached her ear; this ready righter of wrongs sprang to her feet and rushed into the yard, where she found the overseer, Jim Gowdy, whipping black Sam, with a stout leathern lash. The boy writhed and quivered. Every cut brought the blood, for it was upon his bare back.

"Oh pray, massa Gowdy, don't! oh pray don't! 'twas n't me—indeed it was n't me!"

"You lie—it was you," shouted the overseer, and his lash came down harder upon the writhing body.

"Stop, Mr. Gowdy," cried Sally, "stop and tell me what Sam did."

"Oh, run in the house, little miss; you see this is an ugly matter; little ladies ought n't to see it."

"I want to know what's the matter," replied the determined child.

"Oh please, Miss Sally, please beg for me," cried Sam, who was glad of even a moment's respite. "I did n't take Massa Gowdy's knife. I'll declar I did n't."

"You lie," exclaimed the overseer, and he shook his whip at the trembling boy—

"Tell me about it Sam," said Sally.

"Why, Miss Sally, I haint seen Massa Gowdy's knife since that ar' day when he was cuttin' his tobarker."

"He stole it, I know he did," growled the overseer, and I mean to whip him till he tells what he done with it."

"What makes you think he stole it?" asked Sally.

"Bekase he is always at some mischief."

"But is that a fair reason to suppose that he has taken the knife?"

"Why, yes, Miss, and then a whipping never goes wrong with Sam; he needs it more'n his dinner."

"Would you like to be whipped for every little wrong thing, Mr. Gowdy?"

"Me whipped—me, me, little Miss!!" and the overseer laughed scornfully at the query.

"Yes, you, Mr. Gowdy."

"Well, now, that ar funny. Look here, little Miss, you run into the house and leave me to settle with this ar boy."

"You must not give him another lick."

"If you talks with that ar authority to me, I'll tell your grandfather."

"I don't care; and if you strike Sam another blow, you shan't be overseer. I'll make grandfather send you away. You shan't whip him because you *think* he stole your knife; and besides, if he had committed the offence, he has had punishment enough for it. Go away, Sam, and wash your face."

The boy did not dare to move; but kept his eye fixed on Gowdy.

"Why don't you go, Sam?" asked Sally.

The boy still looked at the overseer, who said, in a sullen tone:

"Go this time, Sam, but I'll remember you for this arter awhile."

"How much did your knife cost, Mr. Gowdy?"

"Half-dollar Miss," he answered in a dogged tone.

Sally put her hand in her pocket and drew out the money.

"Take this, Mr. Gowdy, and buy another."

"No, I don't want *your* money."

"I wish to satisfy you, for your loss, and surely the money to pay for another would be better than black Sam's blood, and you seemed to think that was necessary."

"Yes, bekase I wished to teach him a lesson."

"What sort of a lesson?"

"A lesson agin stealing."

"He says he did not steal it."

"But I say he did."

"Well, it is only one say against another say," replied the young casuist.

"Why, you don't put an honest white man's word agin a nigger's. Do you, Miss?"

"Why, if the negro *is* honest, I don't see any difference; the truth *is* the truth and a lie a lie, no matter who speaks it."

"Well, that ar is wicked talk and not respectable."

"What is respectable, Mr. Gowdy? Everybody talks about '*respectable*,' even you. I don't know what it means."

"Why, niggers is niggers, and white people is white people, and it 'taint respectable to equalize 'em in that sort of talk."

"Why, God made both. They don't seem *so very* different to me. Now, mammy is yellow, but I love her better than I do my aunts, and she is better than they are, though she don't wear silk and watches and jewelry, but I think she is as pretty."

The overseer laughed loudly at this. If he had been a little more close observer, the democracy of the child's nature would have been evident in the freedom of her conversation with him.

This scene was reported to her grandfather, from whom Sally afterwards received a gentle word of remonstrance, but her aunt Emily was very severe in her rebuke, denouncing the child for an officious, busy-body, disagreeable little thing, who meddled with matters entirely beyond her years, and with which she had no concern. The child replied to all this with her characteristic indifference of manners, never caring to notice her aunt's sneers; in fact she scarcely heard them. But when she returned to her aunt Manners, Miss Clara quite turned the cold shoulder upon her, insinuating in her own disagreeable way that she considered *some people* better fitted for the kitchen than the parlour, since the proclivities of their taste led them thither so frequently. Whenever Sally did vouchsafe a reply, it was with that peculiar republican sang froid that the "kitchen was as good as the parlour." To be sure this greatly shocked Miss Clara, who gathered up her *ladyish* skirts, fearing a vulgar contact with one who felt such heterodox opinions! But the young heroine did not care for this; she was so simple and earnest in her faith, so entirely single and true in her humanity, that taunts and insults fell away from her as the dirt that vindictive hands cast upon marble monuments. She went on in her course, vindicating in her daily life the nobility of her own nature and her instinctive faith in the common brotherhood of man. True, there was, at times, a want of self-restraint in her, but one could hardly find fault with a nature so gushing and free and so little to be kept under rule. A quickness of temper, an impulsive daring, and a hot blood told, at times, of what she might have become if allowed too loose a rein, but in the frankness and bravery of her untamed childhood, one could hardly remember that these very qualities were, if uncontrolled, the germs of an imperfect and faulty character.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE recent death, at Nashville, Tenn., of Mr. WM. E. WEST, the artist who painted what is considered the best portrait of Lord Byron, calls up the following interesting reminiscences, recorded by W. T. Tuckerman, in his "Artist Life, or Sketches of American Painters." Speaking of Mr. West he says:

"It was his custom, while engaged upon the portrait of Lord Byron, to leave Leghorn daily, soon after mid-day, for the poet's villa at Montenero, and apply himself to the picture for two or three hours. On one occasion, while thus occupied, the servant announced Shelley, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelley was clad in a loose dress of gingham, very simple and appropriate. His open collar, beardless face and long hair, as well as his thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. He advanced gracefully, raised the hand of Madame Guiccioli, after the custom of the country, to his lips, and, assuming an easy posture, immediately entered into a lively conversation with the party. 'Never,' said the artist, 'have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness.' Its angelic benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness, as of one whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech, as he described, in the most vivid and glowing terms, a cave he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous. The description was so eloquent that his auditors could not but share the delight of Shelley, as he dwelt upon the azure light, the mysterious entrance, the stalactites and transparent water, amid which his boat had suddenly glided as if by magic. Those acquainted with his poetry will recognise a favourite subject in this cavern-talk. What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelley's conversation was its complete self-forgetfulness. His consciousness was lost in his theme. In this respect he presented an entire contrast to Byron. They were suddenly interrupted by a wild cry from the adjoining hall. The illustrious sitter hastened towards the door at the same moment with Shelley, the countess, pale and terrified, vainly entreating and holding him back. It will be remembered that Byron was at that period regarded with suspicion by the Tuscan government, and his residence had been threatened with violence by some of the local authorities to whom he had given some offence. Under an idea that the disturbance grew out of these circumstances, the whole party entered the saloon. The instant they appeared, a man rushed past, followed by another, with an uplifted dagger; the weapon grazed Byron's cheek, and at the sight of blood, his companion, still more alarmed, strove to drag him toward the great staircase. Before reaching it, Count Gamba, who had heard the tumult in his chamber, was seen running down with half a score of pistols, which he distributed among the party. They all ascended and locked themselves in a room over the front entrance of the villa, where a council of war was held. Meantime the house had resumed its wonted stillness, and Byron expressed his determination to explore the premises. The countess protested with tears against the design, and Mr. West—who as an American had nothing to fear from the police, and had lived too secluded to be an object of animosity—in order to calm the lady's fears and enable his friends to solve the mystery, volunteered to reconnoiter. Accordingly, he left the excited group and descended to the *primo piano*. It appeared entirely deserted. He looked into various rooms and threaded several corridors, but the echoes of a closing door or his own footsteps alone gave sign of life. At length he ventured to remove the fastenings of the ponderous door, which at the first alarm had been carefully barricaded. In the midst of the weed-grown area was kneeling a villainous-looking, but evidently frightened, Italian, with the moustaches and eye of a brigand, but the air of a penitent, vociferating, gesticulating, tearing his hair, shedding torrents of tears, and invoking either Heaven or some intermediate saint. Our painter stepped forth upon the gravel-walk and looked up to the window. At a more tranquil moment it would have charmed his artistic perception. Byron's pale brow, Count Gamba's ardent gaze, his sister's golden locks, and Shelley's spiritual form, were there all clustered together, and each looked and listened with bewildered attention to the suppliant wretch below, whom Mr. West now approached in the hope of obtaining some key to the enigmatical scene. It was long, however, before his impassioned volubility could be soothed, or his mortal terror quieted. It then appeared that he was a servant—the man who had rushed by them with a dagger—and he vowed never to rise from his knees until his declaration was believed that he was in pursuit of one of his fellows who had grossly injured him, and that he had wounded his master quite accidentally, to whom he swore eternal loyalty and devoted attachment. When Mr. West made all this plain to the group at the window, the tragedy immediately became the richest of comic adventures over which to laugh at dinner. But it was not destined to end without the entrance of another famous personage on the stage. The noise of a horse's tread near by caused the artist to turn his eyes down the avenue, where he saw a gentleman with an olive complexion and dark, lustrous eye, seated in a carriage, and glancing from the window to the still gesticulating servant, and then to himself with an expression of amusing wonderment. It was Leigh Hunt, who had just arrived from England, thinking at the moment that he had only come to find his long expectant poetic friends in a lunatic asylum. We may imagine, with such a re-union, and after such a series of dramatic incidents, how the breezy evening of that summer day was spent at the Villa Dupoy.

"At the period when West painted Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, (the engraved copies of which pictures in this country are positive libels upon the originals), the poet's thoughts were directed towards America. He had not then resolved upon his Grecian expedition, his sojourn in Italy had become annoying from various causes, and he was more than ever disaffected towards his native land. One of our vessels of war was lying in the harbour of Leghorn, and among her gallant officers were some warm admirers of 'Childe Harold.' They sought his acquaintance and invited him to visit the frigate. When he went on board he received a salute, and few compliments ever gratified him so much. He had read in some periodical a review of Wirt's 'Life of Patrick Henry,' and begged Mr. West to procure a copy of the book, which he declared one of the most interesting biographies he ever read. One trait of his intercourse with the artist is so thoroughly characteristic that it deserves mention. As usual, he was very curious to know what the painter thought of him, and finally induced the latter to confess that he did not think him a happy man. Byron was eager to ascertain wherein the contrary was evident. 'I asked him,' said West, 'if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Whenever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him and he would make use of it.

"Another interesting association of Mr. West's foreign residence is his visit to Rhyllon, where he had been invited to paint Mrs. Hemans. 'There never was a countenance,' says her sister, 'more difficult to transfer to canvas, so varying were its expressions, and so impossible is it to be satisfied with the *one* which can alone be perpetuated by the artist. The great charm of Mr. West's picture is its perfect freedom from anything set or constrained in the air, and the sweet, serious expression so accordant with her maternal character. In her own lines to this portrait, the poetess exclaims:

"'Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free,
And smiling back, the changed are led
To look in love on thee.'"

THE TWO CHURCHES.

THE NEW.

'TIS Sunday at our watering-place by the broad blue German Ocean:
The streets are still; the sands are bare; the cliffs forlorn and bleak;
The fly-boys and fly-horses have a pause in their devotion,
For if to labour be to pray, they've been praying all the week.
A Sabbath stillness reigneth over earth and sea and sky,
All Nature round has gone to Church, so wherefore should not I?

The crack Church at our watering-place is very fine and new;
Pure Gothic down to *reredos*, and *sedilia*, and *piscina*;
With poppy-heads on open seats—we scorn the cushioned pew—
And our Curate he intoneth, so that nothing can be finer;
And we've candles on the altar, and occasionally flowers—
In short, a small St. Barnabas is this new Church of ours.

"So primitive!" our Curate says—"so truly Apostolic!
No Protestant distinctions of private seats and free!
Each portion of the building has significance symbolic:"
Though, save the poppy-heads, nought's significant to me.
Their soporific meaning is clearly to be seen,
Thanks to the comment furnished by the sleeping heads between.

But finer than our fine new Church—titles, altar-cloth, and all—
The gules, and or, and azure on nave and chancel-pane—
And Early-English lettering emblazoned on the wall—
Are the "miserable sinners" whom these open seats contain:
Oh! the cloud of summer muslins—oh! the flowered and beaded show
Of tiny Summer bonnets, in gorgeous row on row!

Oh! cherry lips, and rosy cheeks, and glossy braided hair,
Crowned with dancing, dancing bugles, and flowers of myriad dyes!
The Curate he intoneth, but what thought have I for prayer,
'Mid the rustle of the crinolines, the flashing of the eyes?
And these miserable sinners, come for prayer, and praise, and psalm,
Or an animated series from *Le Courrier des Dames*?

And the Rector takes his text, and is eloquent upon it—
How that "all things here are vanity and swiftly pass away;"
And each lady scans the pattern of her neighbour's gown or bonnet,
And each gentleman's a critic of toilettes for the day.
And out I come, much edified, 'mid the organ's solemn swells,
With a lively sense how much I owe to these "Church-going belles."

THE OLD.

'Tis Sunday at the village that lies three miles away;
A pleasant morning's walk from our watering-place 'twill be:
So I'll leave our bran-new Gothic Church and service for the day,
Our hotels and lodging-houses, with their fine view of the sea;
And for watering-place gay toilettes, and watering-place Church belles,
Content myself with field flowers—coy beauties of the dells.

The old Church at the village is very damp and small:
And the house-leek and the moss clothe its low-pitched roof with green;
And the inside has no primitive symbolicism at all,
Nor *reredos*, nor *sedilia*, nor *piscinas* to be seen;
And 'tis all blocked up with a gallery, and desecrate with pews,
And it shrinks back, grey and shabby, behind its Church-yard yews.

No painted window casteth a dim religious light:
No encaustic Minton-tiling hides the damp and broken floor:
The Creed and Ten Commandments are in modern letters quite:
On hard and narrow free-seats, sit the humble village poor:
But the "miserable sinners" those narrow seats within,
Show more misery than our watering-place M. S., if not more sin.

But through the open porch comes the sweet, sweet Summer air,
And the rustle of the Church-yard trees blends sweetly with the psalm,
And their ever-moving shadow checkers each pavement square,
And all about the humble place there broods a holy calm;
And crinolines and flounces, beads and bugles are unknown;
So I sit and stilly worship, as if I were alone.

Till I hear a sigh behind me and a smothered sound of prayer—
And turning, with bowed head and clasped fingers, at my side,
Of a miserable sinner I am suddenly aware—
An old dame in poke bonnet, and scanty cloak new dyed;
And I thought how such a spectacle, in that New Church of ours,
Would jar with bran new symbols, and bugles, beads and flowers!

And I felt how these two Churches, and their worshippers agree;
Tiles, glass, and chanting Curate, flowery altar, painted stone,
With rustling crinolines, beads and bugles flashing free,
And this poor old village Church with its still and stooping crone:
And in spite of pews and gallery, low roof, and windows bare,
I was somehow nearer heaven in that lowly house of prayer.

—*Punch.*

TELEGRAM.—Great is the controversy now raging between the rival scholars of Oxford and Cambridge. "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." With Lexicon in hand Mr. Shillito, of Cambridge, has offered battle in *The Times* to all gainsayers. Mr. Walford, of Oxford, strides forth to meet him. Dr. Donaldson rushes to the aid of his fellow-Cantab. Some unknown initials come to the support of the Oxonian.

The question is of the first importance. Indeed, the Berkeley Peerage Case was nothing to it. Is the very convenient word *telegram* a legitimate word, or does a bar sinister cross its scutcheon? Cambridge denies its right to the privilege of honest birth, and will not allow it any relationship with diagram, anagram, and the other respectable members of the family of "Gram." Oxford declares that it is as good as "monogram," and that no one ever accused that word of illegitimacy. Cambridge retorts that two blacks cannot make one white; that monogram is bad, and telegram, if possible, worse; and that "telegrapheme" is the Esau whose birthright this Jacob of a telegram takes away.

For our own part, we will not venture on a positive decision. We incline to the belief that in its etymological heraldry Cambridge has proved itself the more accurate King-at-Arms. But in presence of such combatants we dare not be too certain. The case stands thus. If Pericles had had a telegraph from Athens to the Piræus, and wished to say, "I telegraph," would he say "telegrapho," or "telegrapheo?" If he said "telegrapho," he would have called a telegraphic message "telegramma." If he said "telegrapheo," he would have used "telegraphema." And so the question lies between the two verbs. Cambridge asserts, that as "grapho" can only be used with a preposition, Pericles must have said "telegrapheo." And then Oxford quotes from Homer, to prove that "tele" *is* a preposition. Now, we believe that "tele" is not, and never was, a preposition, but merely an adverb used *like* a preposition; and although a vulgar fellow like Cleon might have said "telegrapho," Pericles would have certainly used the other form. Thus, legally and theoretically, Cambridge seems to have the best of it. But, certainly, Oxford will find "telegram" recognised as legitimate among us, in spite of this little cloud that hangs over its parentage. We are not Greeks, and "telegrapheme" is in no sense English. *Sit finis litium.—London Inquirer.*

THE HUMBLE HOME.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed into the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodation of a mansion, but if God be there, a cottage will hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.—*Rev. C. Hamilton.*

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